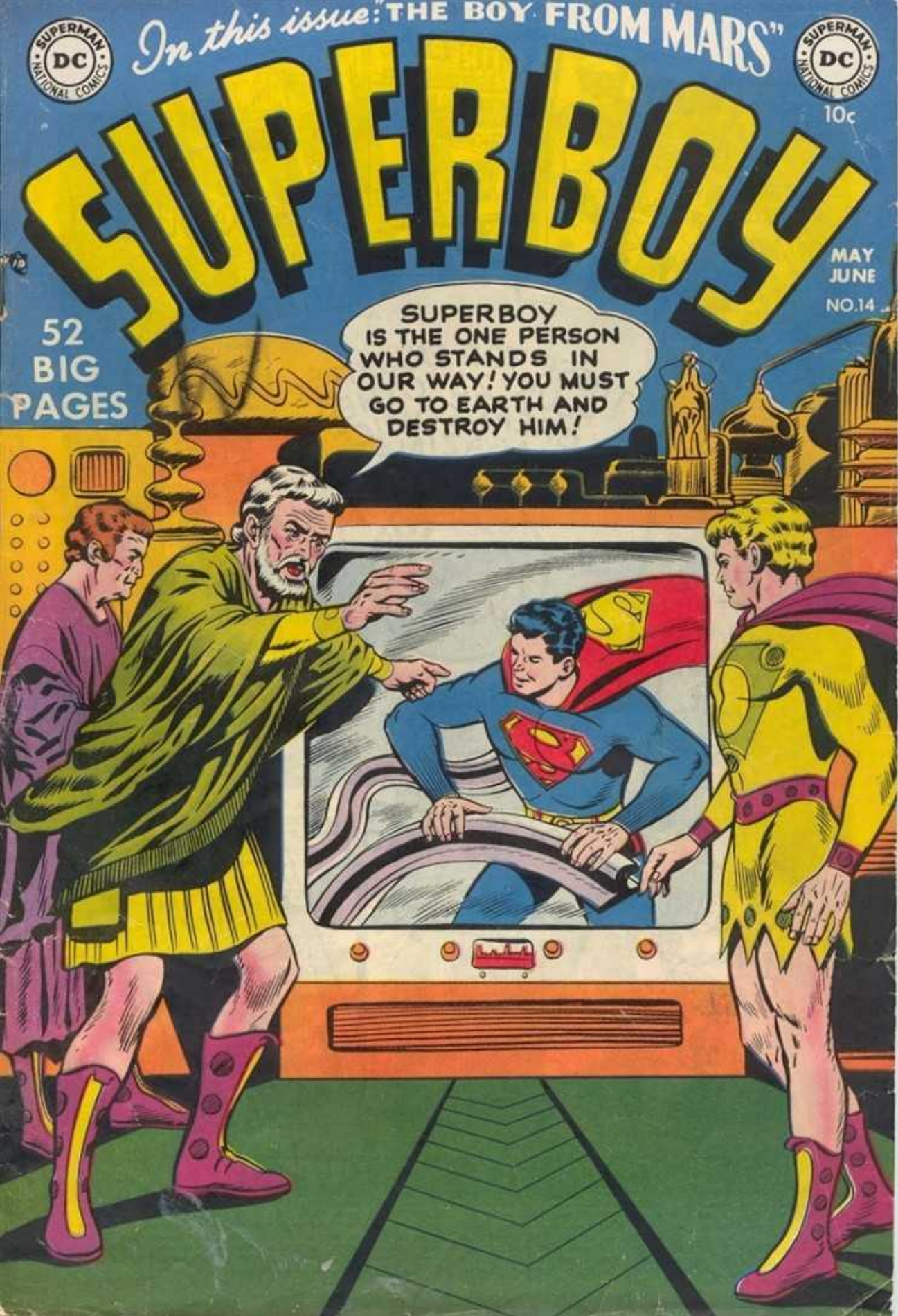
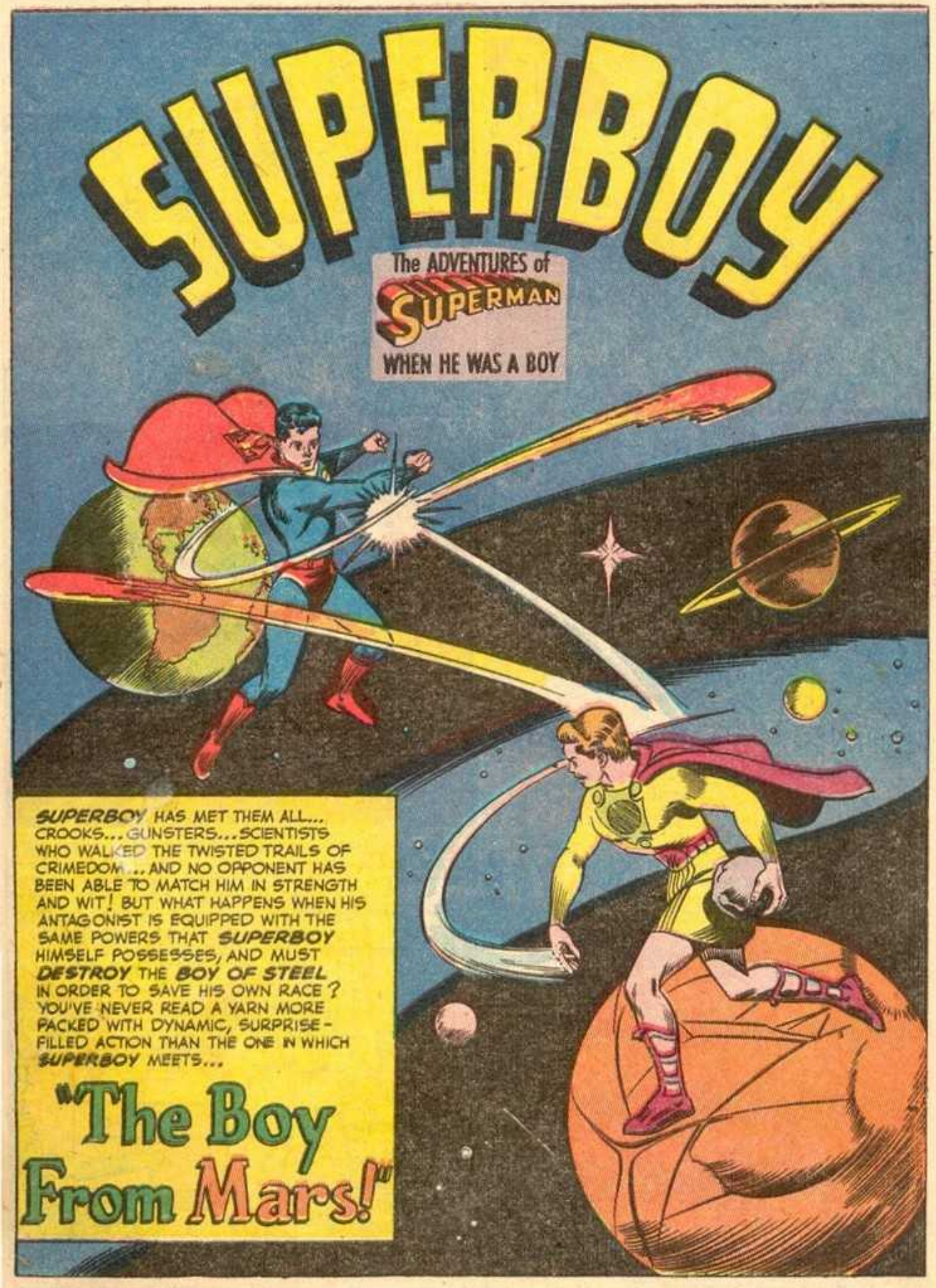

In this issue: "THE BOY FROM MARS"
SUPERMAN DC NATIONAL COMICS
SUPERBOY
10c
MAY JUNE
NO.14
52 BIG PAGES
SUPERBOY IS THE ONE PERSON WHO STANDS IN OUR WAY! YOU MUST GO TO EARTH AND DESTROY HIM!


SUPERBOY
The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN WHEN HE WAS A BOY
SUPERBOY HAS MET THEM ALL... CROOKS... GUNSTERS... SCIENTISTS WHO WALKED THE TWISTED TRAILS OF CRIMEDOM... AND NO OPPONENT HAS BEEN ABLE TO MATCH HIM IN STRENGTH AND WIT! BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HIS ANTAGONIST IS EQUIPPED WITH THE SAME POWERS THAT SUPERBOY HIMSELF POSSESSES, AND MUST DESTROY THE BOY OF STEEL IN ORDER TO SAVE HIS OWN RACE? YOU'VE NEVER READ A YARN MORE PACKED WITH DYNAMIC, SURPRISE-FILLED ACTION THAN THE ONE IN WHICH SUPERBOY MEETS...
"The Boy From Mars!"

THIS STORY ABOUT A SUPERBOY DOESN'T START IN SMALLVILLE! SOME YEARS AGO, ON AN ALIEN PLANET...
THE BLINDING RAYS OF THAT ASTEROID! I...I... FEEL QUEER ALL OVER!
WE MUST GET A SPECIMEN FROM THAT ASTEROID! OUR INSTRUMENTS RECORDED STRANGE RADIATIONS BEFORE ITS FLAMES DIED!
WHA...? TH-THOSE SCIENTISTS ARE MILES AWAY... AND I CAN SEE AND HEAR THEM... AND THAT FEELING OF STRENGTH THAT RUNS THROUGH ME... I WONDER..?
MOMENTS LATER...
IT... IT WEIGHS MILLIONS OF VASTARS... AND YET, I... I CAN LIFT IT WITH EASE... AND I... I'M FLYING... FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF LIGHT!
SUDDENLY...
BARROOM!
THAT BLAST... IT COULD HAVE KILLED THOUSANDS... BUT I'M UNHURT! IF I CAN SURVIVE THAT, NOTHING CAN HARM ME! EXPOSURE TO THE SUPRA-UNIVERSAL RAYS OF THAT ASTEROID MUST HAVE GIVEN ME SUPER POWERS!
YES, READER--ANOTHER SUPERBOY...ON THE PLANET MARS!
I MUST USE THESE POWERS FOR THE GOOD OF MY PEOPLE! AND HIDE MY REAL IDENTITY, LEST THOSE WHO DO EVIL TRY TO HINDER ME BY THREATENING THOSE I LOVE!

SO, YEARS LATER, WHEN MARS FACES DOOM, A STRANGE SIGNAL STABS THE LIVID SKY...
THEY NEED ME... AT THE VISGOR SCIENTIFIC UNIT! I'D BETTER CHANGE AND RUSH THERE AT ONCE!
SOON, AT VISGOR LABORATORIES...
MARSBOY, WE HAVE DISCOVERED THAT OUR PEOPLE ORIGINALLY INHABITED THE LOST CONTINENT OF MU, ON THE PLANET EARTH... AND FLED HERE BY ROCKET SHIP WHEN THEY LEARNED IT WAS DOOMED! THESE DOCUMENTS ALSO REVEAL HOW WE CAN SAVE MARS FROM DOOM NOW--BY GETTING ONE THING FROM EARTH!
THEN WHY NOT GET IT? WE HAVE SPACE SHIPS AND OUR WEAPONS ARE SUPERIOR TO THEIRS!
IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE, MARSBOY! WE HAVE BEEN STUDYING EARTH CAREFULLY FOR MANY DAYS... AND SOMETHING STANDS IN OUR WAY! HERE... LOOK THROUGH THE VIEWASCOPE AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!
SEE? ONLY YOU CAN PREVAIL OVER THE ONE THEY CALL SUPERBOY! GO TO EARTH AND BRING BACK WHAT WE NEED! AND IF HE STANDS IN YOUR WAY... DESTROY HIM!
THUS, SOME TIME LATER, ON THE SANDS OF THE SAHARA...
IF I ACT QUICKLY, SUPERBOY MAY NOT HAVE TIME TO INTERVENE! ONCE THIS RELIC IS OUT OF THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE, OUR GRAVITY RAYS WILL DRAW IT TO MARS FASTER THAN EVEN I CAN MOVE!
AT THAT MOMENT, IN SMALLVILLE...
WHAT? IT... IT'S INCREDIBLE! MY TELESCOPIC VISION SHOWS THE SPHINX FLYING THROUGH THE AIR! BETTER CHANGE TO SUPERBOY AND LOOK INTO THIS!
HEY--WHAT YOU LOOKING AT, CLARK? I DON'T SEE ANYTHING!

FLEET SECONDS LATER...
BACK TO EARTH, OLD GIRL. I DON'T KNOW WHAT MADE YOU RESTLESS, BUT I'M TAKING YOU BACK WHERE YOU BELONG!
SOON...
HMMM... I WILL HAVE TO DEAL WITH THAT SUPERBOY! ACCORDING TO OBSERVATION REPORTS, HE'S SUPPOSED TO HAVE POWERS EQUAL TO MINE...BUT I THINK I'LL TEST THEM MYSELF. MAYBE I'LL FIND A WEAK SPOT. HE'S BOUND TO PASS HERE, AND THEN...
PRESENTLY...
THAT BOULDER... FLYING AT ME FROM NOWHERE WITH METEOR-LIKE SPEED! BETTER STOP IT BEFORE IT HURTS SOMEONE!
CRASH!
AS EASY AS SQUASHING A GRAPE!
HMMM... IT'S OBVIOUS SUPER-FORCE CAN'T HURT HIM... BUT IF I SPEED THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE AND CREATE AIR CURRENTS THAT PULL ALL THE CLOUDS TOGETHER...
PRESENTLY...
THERE! AN ELECTRICAL STORM SUCH AS EARTH HAS NEVER SEEN! LET'S SEE HIM STOP THAT!
WHEW! THINGS SURE ARE HAPPENING THICK AND FAST... AND MYSTERIOUSLY! IF THAT STORM CENTER EVER REACHES THE CITY... HMMM... THAT METAL-BEARING ROCK...

I'LL HAVE TO EXTRACT THE METAL... THEN COMPRESS AND LENGTHEN IT, AND...
AAAH... A PERFECT LIGHTNING ARRESTER!
MILLIONS OF VOLTS COURSING THROUGH HIS BODY... HE CAN WITHSTAND ANYTHING... AND YET... HAS HE SUPER-STRENGTH?
THERE'S ONLY ONE REAL TEST OF THAT!
WHAT..? A BOY--LIKE ME--FLYING THROUGH SPACE! IS... IS IT POSSIBLE? AND YET... THAT STORM... THE BOULDER! WH...WHAT CAN IT MEAN?
AND THEN...
WE CAN'T STAY LIKE THIS FOREVER. WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DO YOU COME FROM? WHY DID YOU TRY TO STEAL THE SPHINX?
I CAN ANSWER NONE OF YOUR QUESTIONS NOW, SUPERBOY...
I CAN ONLY PREDICT THAT IT WILL BE A DUEL TO THE END... BETWEEN THE TWO US OF!
I COULD FOLLOW HIM... BUT... NO... LET HIM COME TO ME. I'LL LEARN MORE IF I LET HIM MAKE THE FIRST MOVE!
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DURING THE NEXT FEW DAYS, A SKULKING FIGURE FREQUENTS SMALLVILLE'S SECLUDED STREETS...
HIYA, JOE! WHADDYE KNOW?
THEIR PECULIARITIES OF SPEECH...THEIR CUSTOMS... THEIR CLOTHES. I KNOW ENOUGH. TOMORROW I START!

NEXT MORNING, A NEW STUDENT REGISTERS IN SMALLVILLE HIGH...
NAME, PLEASE?
HE'S IN YOUR CLASS, CLARK. TAKE HIM TO ROOM 307, AND MAKE HIM FEEL AT HOME!
ER...JOE... JOE MARS!

YOU'LL LIKE IT HERE, JOE. GOT ANY SPECIAL INTERESTS?
WHY...ER...YES... HISTORY...ANCIENT HISTORY!

UNOBTRUSIVE AND QUIET, THE NEW LAD SPEAKS LITTLE...
SUPPOSE YOU TELL US SOMETHING ABOUT THE NATURE OF LIGHT, JOE.
MUST BE CAREFUL. OUR CIVILIZATION IS AGES AHEAD OF THEIRS. CAN'T REVEAL TOO MUCH ABOUT MYSELF OR WHAT I KNOW!

WHY...I...ER...WE DIDN'T STUDY THAT IN THE SCHOOL I CAME FROM!
HMMM...WELL...WE'LL SHED MORE LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT HERE!
HA-HA! YOU'LL GET USED TO OLD CORKINS AND HIS CORNY JOKES, JOE!

AFTER SCHOOL, JOE KEEPS PRETTY MUCH TO HIMSELF...
FOUR DAYS I HAVE BEEN IN SMALLVILLE... AND NOT A SIGN OF SUPERBOY. WHERE CAN HE LIVE? HOW DOES HE SPEND HIS TIME? I MUST NOT ASK QUESTIONS AND BETRAY MY IGNORANCE... AND YET TO DESTROY HIM, I MUST LEARN ALL ABOUT HIM!

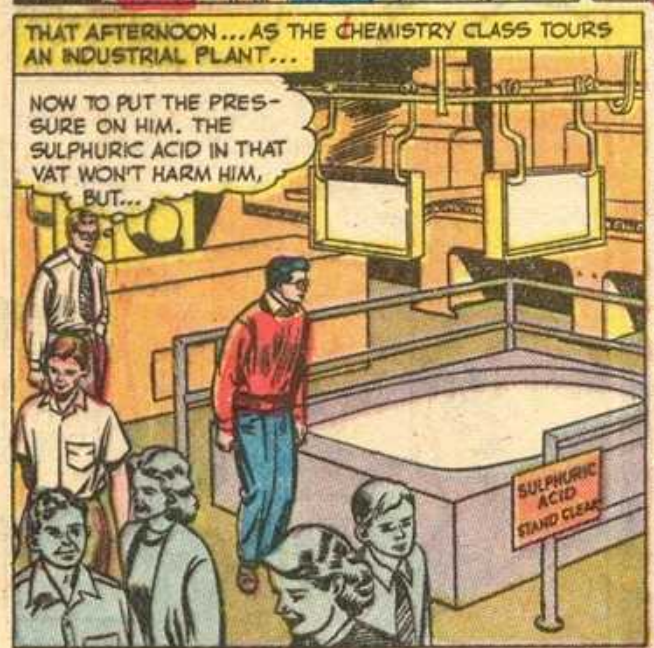
SUDDENLY... THE WAIL OF SCREAMING BRAKES...
I...I'LL BE FOUND OUT! IF I MOVE WITH SUPER-SPEED, THEY'LL SUSPECT... AND IF I'M HIT AND NOT HURT... THAT WILL BE EVEN WORSE!
SCREECH
AND THEN... AN AWESOME FIGURE... PLUMMETING THROUGH SPACE...
SUPERBOY! THE ONE I'M TO DESTROY... SAVING ME FROM REVEALING MYSELF! WHAT IRONIC LUCK!
SAND
I GUESS WHERE YOU COME FROM, THERE ISN'T MUCH TRAFFIC!
YES... THAT'S IT. WE DON'T SEE MANY OF THOSE WHERE I LIVED!
IT'S THE TRUTH, TOO--WE DISPENSED WITH ALL LAND TRAVEL AGES AGO!
THANKS, SUPERBOY. I'LL BE MORE CAREFUL AFTER THIS!
YES... A LOT MORE CAREFUL! I HAVE DISCOVERED HIS WEAKNESS! ONE MORE PIECE OF INFORMATION AND I CAN DEFEAT HIM! HE MUST HAVE A SECRET IDENTITY, AS I HAVE ON MARS!
LATER... IN THE HISTORY CLASS...
NAME TWO SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, JOE!
HMMM... MUSTN'T SHOW MY IGNORANCE NOW... ONLY ONE THING TO DO... USE MY X-RAY VISION AND FIND THE ANSWER IN CLARK'S BOOK!
I BET YOU LEARNED THAT IN YOUR SCHOOL!
AS MARSBOY STARES WITH HIS X-RAY VISION, HE PROBES THROUGH CLARK'S CLOTHING AND DETECTS SUPERBOY'S RAIMENT CONCEALED BENEATH...
WHAT?... CLARK KENT... SUPERBOY? NOW IT SHOULD BE EASY!

AT THE SAME INSTANT...
THAT'S STRANGE...HEAT WAVES... AND YET ..THE ROOM IS COOL AS CAN BE. MAYBE MY X-RAY VISION CAN REVEAL SOME CAUSE!

TWO STEELY GLANCES LOCK IN SUDDEN RECOGNITION!...

AFTER CLASS...
THE TIME HAS COME FOR FRANKNESS, CLARK KENT, ALIAS SUPERBOY. NOW THAT I KNOW YOUR IDENTITY, I AM BOUND TO GET THE BETTER OF YOU. I WANT THE SPHINX... WITHOUT INTERFERENCE FROM YOU!
SORRY...ER...JOE! EARTH'S TREASURES BELONG ON EARTH!

WELL, IT'S A FIGHT TO THE END, THEN. THANKS ANYWAY FOR LETTING ME FIND THE ANSWER TO THAT HISTORY QUESTION WITH MY X-RAY VISION!
WHAT? BUT I'VE BOUND MY BOOKS WITH THIN SHEETS OF LEAD JUST SO THAT I WON'T ACCIDENTALLY USE MY X-RAY VISION ON THEM. HMM... HIS POWERS ARE SUPERIOR TO MINE!
NICE HOW CLARK AND THAT NEW BOY HAVE TAKEN A LIKING TO ONE ANOTHER!


THAT AFTERNOON...AS THE CHEMISTRY CLASS TOURS AN INDUSTRIAL PLANT...
NOW TO PUT THE PRESSURE ON HIM. THE SULPHURIC ACID IN THAT VAT WON'T HARM HIM, BUT...
SULPHURIC ACID STAND CLEAR

AAAAAAH... CAUGHT HIM OFF BALANCE WITH MY SUPER-BREATH! THE ACID WILL EAT AWAY HIS OUTER CLOTHING SO THAT...
CLARK... WATCH OUT... OH... THAT ACID!

...CLARK KENT FALLS IN... SUPERBOY COMES OUT. LET HIM TRY TO EXPLAIN THAT!
WHAT...? WHY, CLARK MUST BE — SUPERBOY!
DON'T JUMP TO HASTY CONCLUSIONS, FRED. I HAD TO FLY SO FAST TO SAVE CLARK, THAT YOU COULDN'T SEE ME MOVE. JUST LOOK THERE... NEAR THE DOOR!
ALL EYES TURN TO WHERE SUPERBOY POINTS, AND...
CLARK JUST SUFFERED A MINOR ACCIDENT... PART OF HIS CLOTHES EATEN AWAY BY THE ACID, GO ON HOME, CLARK!
SUPER-VENTRILOQUISM MAKES THEM THINK THAT SUPERBOY IS BEHIND THEM... AND SUPER-SPEED ENABLED ME TO MOVE HERE AND SNATCH THE TOWEL BEFORE THEY EVEN FOCUSED THEIR EYES ON THIS SPOT!
THE DOOR'S SHUT... GOOD! NOW FOR MORE SUPER-SPEED... AND ANOTHER QUICK CHANGE! LUCKY THAT WINDOW WAS NEARBY!
IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'LL GET CLARK HOME AND BACK QUICKLY...I DON'T WANT HIM TO MISS HIS WORK!
NICELY DONE, SUPERBOY. IT WOULDN'T HELP MY PLAN TO RE-VEAL YOUR IDENTITY... I JUST WANT TO PUT YOU UNDER PRESSURE... LOTS OF IT!
THAT AFTERNOON, AS CLARK TRAVELS HOME WITH HIS FRIENDS IN A TROLLEY CAR...
WHEW! THEY PACK US IN HERE LIKE SARDINES!
NOT MUCH PRIVACY! CAN'T TAKE A BREATH WITHOUT BEING NOTICED!

CLARK CAN'T POSSIBLY SWITCH TO SUPERBOY IN THAT CROWDED CAR WITHOUT GIVING HIS IDENTITY AWAY. THIS WILL REALLY PUT THE PRESSURE ON HIM!

SECONDS LATER...
L-LOOK! WE... WE'RE RIDING ON AIR!
HAVE TO ACT QUICKLY OR THE TRACKS WILL GIVE WAY AND PLUNGE THE CAR TO THE GROUND! YET-- HOW CAN I USE MY SUPER-POWERS WITHOUT BEING DETECTED?

SUDDENLY...
HEY-- QUIT SHOVING!
I...I'M FALLING... LOSING MY BALANCE!
PUSHING WITH SUPER-FORCE WILL HURTLE THE CAR DOWNWARD...OFF THE TRACKS!

CLOSE CALL... BUT I MADE IT. IN ALL THAT CONFUSION, NO ONE NOTICED THAT SUPER QUICK SWITCH!

I'LL EASE IT DOWN GENTLY, THEN SWITCH TO CLARK BEFORE THE OTHERS GET OUT. HM... THAT JOE MARS IS CERTAINLY KEEPING ME BUSY!
HMM...I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME TO SPRING MY TRAP! HE'S HAD ENOUGH PREPARATION!

MOMENTS LATER...
WHEN I'M ON MARS, I FIGHT EVIL. I'D HATE TO HAVE TO SPEND ALL MY TIME CONCEALING MY IDENTITY!
HE'S RIGHT. WHAT GOOD ARE MY POWERS IF I HAVE TO USE THEM CONTINUALLY TO PREVENT HIM FROM REVEALING MY IDENTITY? HE'S GOT ME!
I HAVE A LITTLE PROPOSAL TO MAKE. MEET ME AT 11 JONES PLACE... IN AN HOUR. WE'LL... ER... DISCUSS THINGS THERE!
VERY WELL. I'LL BE THERE!
IT MUST BE A TRAP... BUT I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THAT CHANCE!
PRESENTLY...
HMMM... I FEEL LIKE A GUINEA PIG IN A SCIENTIST'S LABORATORY. WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO? HE'S TEN MINUTES LATE ALREADY!
OUR DUEL IS OVER, SUPERBOY... AND I'VE WON! I'M GOING TO LEAVE THIS ROOM... AND WHEN I DO... YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO FOLLOW ME! BUT, FIRST... I FEEL THAT I OWE YOU AN EXPLANATION!
OUR SCIENTISTS HAVE LEARNED THAT HIDDEN INSIDE THE SPHINX IS A FORMULA FOR MAKING WATER WHICH WAS DISCOVERED BY OUR EARLY ANCESTORS ON ATLANTIS. THAT FORMULA IS OUR ONLY HOPE FOR SURVIVAL ON MARS!
BUT WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I WON'T FOLLOW YOU OUT OF THIS ROOM?
IN MY DAYS ON EARTH, I'VE LEARNED YOUR WEAKNESS. YOU WILL NEVER KNOWINGLY HARM ONE OF YOUR PEOPLE! BEFORE YOU CAME HERE, I LINED THIS ROOM WITH RADIUM, AND THEN BOMBARDED THE RADIUM WITH MY X-RAY VISION! YOU ARE NOW RADIOACTIVE, AND WILL HARM ANYONE IN YOUR PATH!

AND YOU CAN'T GET OUT BECAUSE THERE IS NO COPPER HERE YOU CAN USE FOR INSULATION!
COPPER? BUT LEAD INSULATES AGAINST RADIOACTIVITY! BUT WAIT... HE WAS ABLE TO READ THROUGH MY HISTORY BOOK! NOW I KNOW WHAT TO DO!
IF I ROLL THIS LEAD STEAM PIPE INTO THIN, PLIABLE MATERIAL, I CAN COVER MYSELF WITH IT TILL I REACH THE STRATOSPHERE WHERE HE MUST BE TAKING THE SPHINX, AND THEN...
ENTIRELY COATED IN LEAD, SUPERBOY ZOOMS OUT OF THE ROOM...
I'LL HAVE TO FLY BLIND UNTIL I GET HIGH ENOUGH SO THAT THESE RAYS DON'T HARM ANYONE ON EARTH! THEN I CAN TAKE THE LEAD SHEATHING OFF, AND...
SWIFT SECONDS LATER...
WAIT, MARSBOY! YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE THE SPHINX! YOU THOUGHT THAT COPPER COULD INSULATE ME FROM RADIATIONS... BUT LEAD DOES! ADD THAT TO THE FACT THAT YOUR X-RAY VISION PENETRATES LEAD, WHILE MINE DOESN'T, AND...
I SEE IT NOW! YOU CAN READ THROUGH COPPER!
EXACTLY! OUR X-RAY VISIONS ARE DIFFERENT! AND THE VITAL FORMULA MUST BE IN A COPPER CONTAINER INSIDE THE SPHINX... OR YOU WOULD HAVE USED YOUR X-RAY VISION TO SEE THROUGH IT!
VERY CLEVER, SUPERBOY. READ ME THE FORMULA. MY SUPER-MEMORY WILL MAKE NOTES UNNECESSARY!
I'M GLAD IT ENDED THIS WAY, SUPERBOY! WE'RE TOO MUCH ALIKE TO BE ENEMIES. AND, FOR OBVIOUS REASONS, WE MUST EACH PRESERVE EACH OTHER'S SECRET IDENTITY!
I WONDER... WILL WE EVER MEET AGAIN?
THE END

SUPERBOY ALSO APPEARS IN ADVENTURE COMICS NOW ON SALE

QUICK QUIZ

WHICH IS THE ONLY LARGE CITY IN THE WORLD SITUATED ON TWO CONTINENTS?

ISTANBUL, TURKEY! ONE HALF IS IN EUROPE.... THE OTHER HALF... ACROSS THE DARDANELLES, IN ASIA!

HOW DID WE GET THE WORD "TIP"?

FROM THE FIRST LETTERS OF THE WORDS "TO INSURE PROMPTNESS". COFFEE HOUSES OF EARLY LONDON PROVIDED WAITERS' BOXES WITH THAT INSCRIPTION... CUSTOMERS DESIRING FASTER SERVICE DEPOSITED GRATUITIES!

WHY DOESN'T IT HURT WHEN HAIR IS CUT?

BECAUSE HAIR HAS NO NERVES!

DOES THE FUR KNOWN AS HUDSON SEAL.... COME FROM THE SEAL?

NO! IT IS DERIVED FROM MUSKRATS!

H. T. ELMO

ADVERTISEMENT

The Hit of the Lot!

Neddy Nestle overthrows— Hits a friend instead of foes!

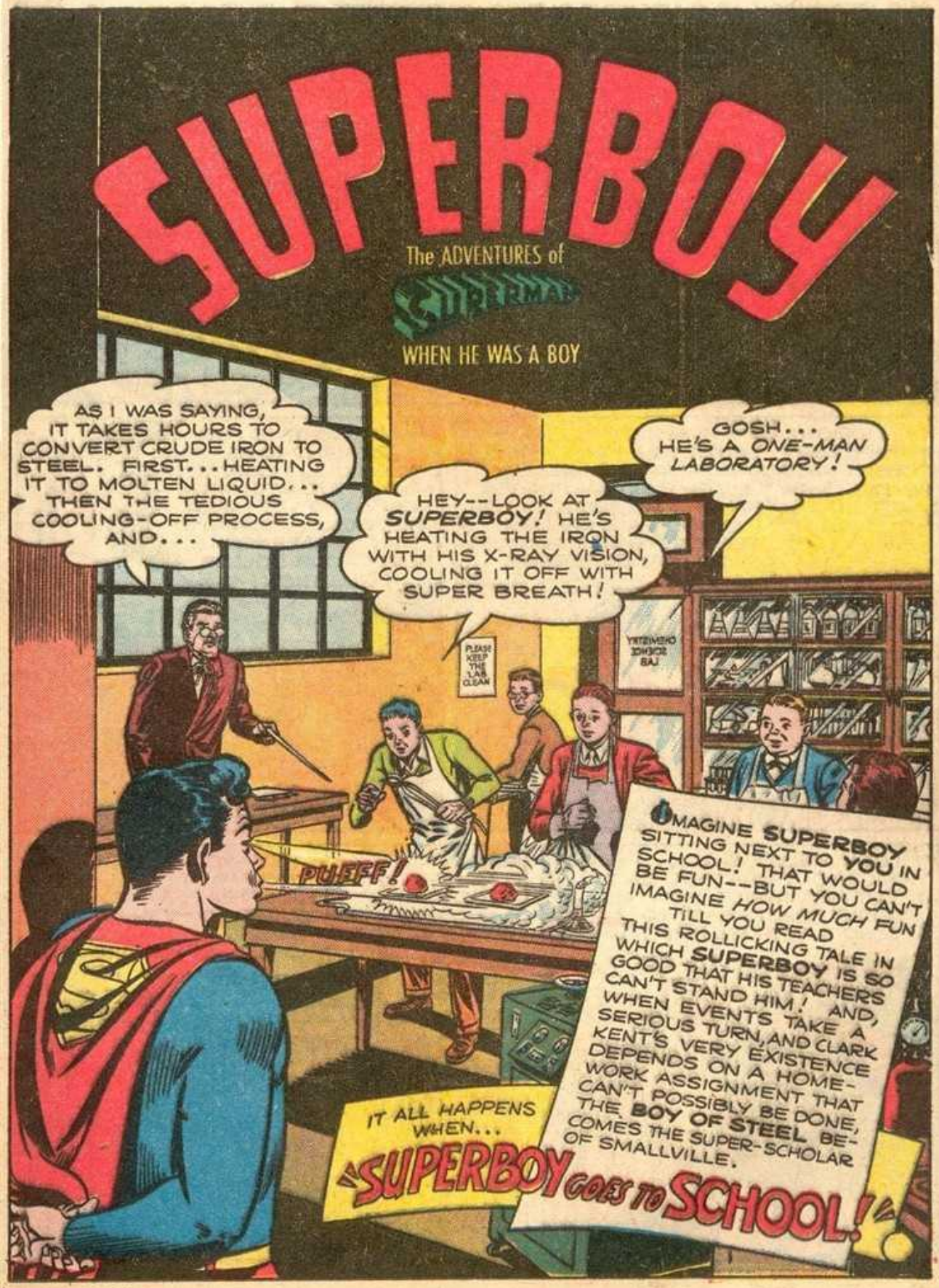
He squares it with a bar of CRUNCH. Biggest hit with Neddy's bunch!

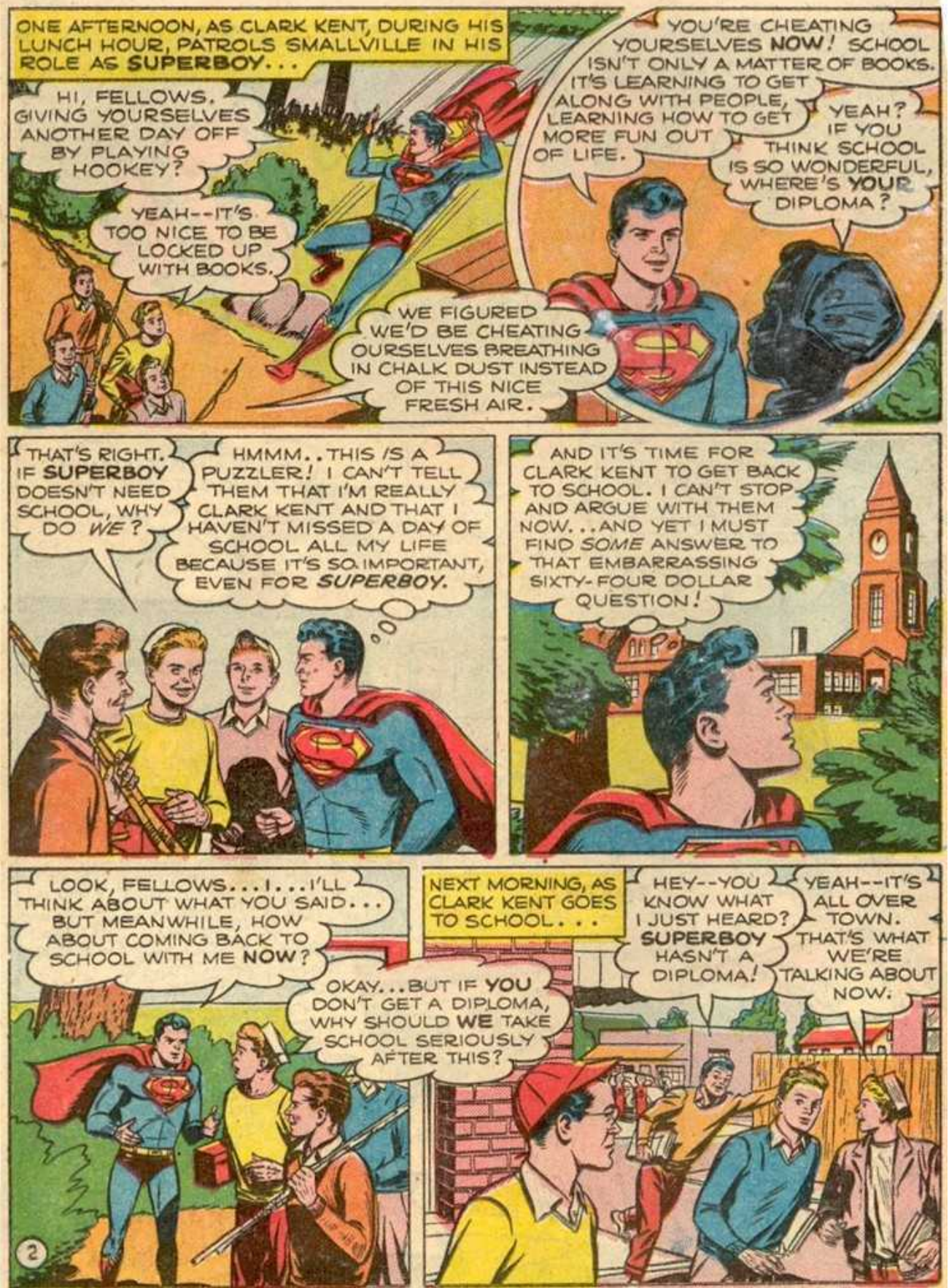
RICH, CREAMY, CRUNCHY GOODNESS...

THE FAVORITE OF MILLIONS!

JERRY
THE JITTERBUG
HMM... CHAPTER ONE - "HOW TO IMPRESS THE FEMALE." SOUNDS PRETTY GOOD - I'LL TRY IT OUT!
APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY
FLATTERY, THAT'S WHAT IT SAID. AH, HERE COMES CAROL!
HELLO, CAROL. GOLLY, I LIKE THE WAY YOU DO YOUR HAIR NOW. IT GOES WITH THOSE BEAUTIFUL BROWN EYES OF YOURS!
SAY, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO OUT THIS SATURDAY NIGHT?
I'M SORRY, JERRY. I CAN'T MAKE IT!
SO...
THE FIRST PART OF CHAPTER ONE WAS A FLOP. LET'S SEE HOW THE REST OF IT WORKS OUT. IT SAYS, ALWAYS APPEAR WELL GROOMED.

MY NEW SPORT JACKET - A FLOWER IN MY LAPEL -- WHAT A BEAU BRUMMEL!
HELLO, VIOLET. ARE YOU BUSY SATURDAY NIGHT?
I'M SORRY, JERRY. MY COUSIN IS IN FROM OUT OF TOWN - I'VE GOT TO BE WITH HER!
NEXT DAY...
"HOW TO IMPRESS THE FEMALE" -BAH!
HELLO, JERRY! WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE ME TO A PARTY THIS SATURDAY?
PSYCHOLOGY
THE END
2.


SUPERBOY
The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN
WHEN HE WAS A BOY
AS I WAS SAYING, IT TAKES HOURS TO CONVERT CRUDE IRON TO STEEL. FIRST... HEATING IT TO MOLTEN LIQUID... THEN THE TEDIOUS COOLING-OFF PROCESS, AND...
HEY--LOOK AT SUPERBOY! HE'S HEATING THE IRON WITH HIS X-RAY VISION, COOLING IT OFF WITH SUPER BREATH!
GOSH... HE'S A ONE-MAN LABORATORY!
PLEASE KEEP THE LAB CLEAN
PUFFF!
IMAGINE SUPERBOY SITTING NEXT TO YOU IN SCHOOL! THAT WOULD BE FUN--BUT YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW MUCH FUN TILL YOU READ THIS ROLLICKING TALE IN WHICH SUPERBOY IS SO GOOD THAT HIS TEACHERS CAN'T STAND HIM! AND, WHEN EVENTS TAKE A SERIOUS TURN, AND CLARK KENT'S VERY EXISTENCE DEPENDS ON A HOME-WORK ASSIGNMENT THAT CAN'T POSSIBLY BE DONE, THE BOY OF STEEL BECOMES THE SUPER-SCHOLAR OF SMALLVILLE.
IT ALL HAPPENS WHEN...
SUPERBOY GOES TO SCHOOL!

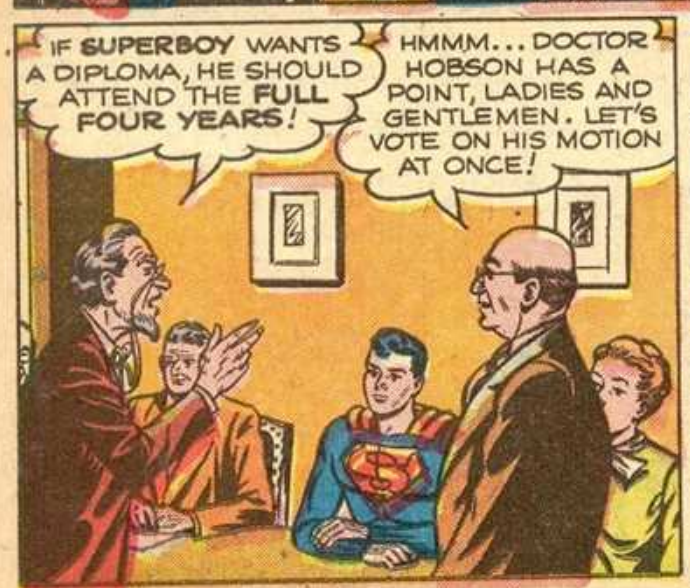

ONE AFTERNOON, AS CLARK KENT, DURING HIS LUNCH HOUR, PATROLS SMALLVILLE IN HIS ROLE AS SUPERBOY...
HI, FELLOWS. GIVING YOURSELVES ANOTHER DAY OFF BY PLAYING HOOKEY?
YEAH--IT'S TOO NICE TO BE LOCKED UP WITH BOOKS.
WE FIGURED WE'D BE CHEATING OURSELVES BREATHING IN CHALK DUST INSTEAD OF THIS NICE FRESH AIR.
YOU'RE CHEATING YOURSELVES NOW! SCHOOL ISN'T ONLY A MATTER OF BOOKS. IT'S LEARNING TO GET ALONG WITH PEOPLE, LEARNING HOW TO GET MORE FUN OUT OF LIFE.
YEAH? IF YOU THINK SCHOOL IS SO WONDERFUL, WHERE'S YOUR DIPLOMA?
THAT'S RIGHT. IF SUPERBOY DOESN'T NEED SCHOOL, WHY DO WE?
HMMM..THIS IS A PUZZLER! I CAN'T TELL THEM THAT I'M REALLY CLARK KENT AND THAT I HAVEN'T MISSED A DAY OF SCHOOL ALL MY LIFE BECAUSE IT'S SO IMPORTANT, EVEN FOR SUPERBOY.
AND IT'S TIME FOR CLARK KENT TO GET BACK TO SCHOOL. I CAN'T STOP AND ARGUE WITH THEM NOW...AND YET I MUST FIND SOME ANSWER TO THAT EMBARRASSING SIXTY-FOUR DOLLAR QUESTION!
LOOK, FELLOWS...I...I'LL THINK ABOUT WHAT YOU SAID... BUT MEANWHILE, HOW ABOUT COMING BACK TO SCHOOL WITH ME NOW?
OKAY...BUT IF YOU DON'T GET A DIPLOMA, WHY SHOULD WE TAKE SCHOOL SERIOUSLY AFTER THIS?
NEXT MORNING, AS CLARK KENT GOES TO SCHOOL...
HEY--YOU KNOW WHAT I JUST HEARD? SUPERBOY HASN'T A DIPLOMA!
YEAH--IT'S ALL OVER TOWN. THAT'S WHAT WE'RE TALKING ABOUT NOW.
2

THAT STUFF THEY TELL US ABOUT SCHOOL MEANING SO MUCH MUST BE A LOT OF HOKUM! IF A DIPLOMA WAS SO IMPORTANT, SUPERBOY WOULD GET ONE.
YEAH. NEXT TIME I FEEL LIKE PLAYING HOOKEY, I'LL REMEMBER THAT.

HMMM... BEFORE I KNOW IT, I'LL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR AN EPIDEMIC OF TRUANCY. SUPERBOY HAD BETTER SEE MR. BASCOMB, THE PRINCIPAL, RIGHT NOW.

SO, A LITTLE LATER, IN PRINCIPAL BASCOMB'S OFFICE...
I WANT EACH OF YOU TEACHERS TO PREPARE A DIFFICULT FOURTH YEAR TEST FOR SUPERBOY. I'VE PROMISED HIM A DIPLOMA IF HE CAN PASS, AND....
I OBJECT TO THIS PROCEDURE, MR. BASCOMB!
YES, DR. HOBSON?

'DOC' HOBSON--RELIC OF THE OLD SCHOOL--CAUTIOUS, CONSERVATIVE AND CONTRARY--YET FAIR-MINDED!
I DON'T APPROVE OF SPECIAL PRIVILEGES FOR ANYONE... A MILLIONAIRE'S LAD, THE SON OF THE PRESIDENT, OR SUPERBOY! IN A FAIR SYSTEM OF EDUCATION, THE SAME RULES APPLY TO ALL!


IF SUPERBOY WANTS A DIPLOMA, HE SHOULD ATTEND THE FULL FOUR YEARS!
HMMM... DOCTOR HOBSON HAS A POINT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. LET'S VOTE ON HIS MOTION AT ONCE!

ALL THOSE IN FAVOR OF DOCTOR HOBSON'S MOTION...
WHAT..? I..I CAN'T ATTEND SCHOOL AS SUPERBOY! IT WOULD MEAN REVEALING MY IDENTITY AS CLARK KENT. I SURE HOPE THAT MOTION LOSES!

BUT WHEN THE VOTES ARE COUNTED...
DOCTOR HOBSON'S MOTION HAS WON OUT, SUPERBOY. WE'LL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY FOR FOUR YEARS IF YOU WANT THAT DIPLOMA!
I HAVE TO KEEP THAT PROMISE... AND YET...I CAN'T GO TO SCHOOL AS SUPERBOY FOR FOUR YEARS. THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT!
SOON, IN CLASS...
YOU'LL HAVE TO SHARE A SEAT, SUPERBOY...BUT WAIT... CLARK'S NOT HERE! YOU CAN TAKE HIS SEAT!
GOSH..SUPERBOY SITTING NEXT TO ME! WHEW--QUICK, WATSON--THE SMELLING SALTS--BEFORE I FAINT!
CLASS, YOU WILL NOW WRITE A COMPOSITION ON ANY TOPIC YOU CHOOSE. I'LL GRADE THEM TONIGHT AND RETURN THEM TO YOU TOMORROW.
SO LONG AS I'M A PUPIL HERE, I'D MIGHT AS WELL MAKE A GOOD JOB OF IT!
SUPERBOY'S PEN LEAPS WITH NIMBLE SUPER-SPEED...
MAY I HAVE MORE PAPER, PLEASE, MISS SELKIRK?
B-BUT YOU JUST STARTED A SECOND AGO, AND...HMM... YOU DID USE THAT UP.
AND, AS THE PERIOD CONTINUES...
MORE PAPER, PLEASE, MISS SELKIRK.
OH DEAR...I...I'LL HAVE MORE IN A MOMENT, SUPERBOY. BUT PLEASE TRY TO..ER..BE A LITTLE...ER.. BRIEFER IN EXPRESSING YOUR THOUGHTS. AFTER YOU USE UP THIS BATCH, THERE WON'T BE A SHRED OF PAPER LEFT IN THE SCHOOL!
4

AFTER THE PERIOD...
THIS, MR. BASCOMB, IS SUPERBOY'S COMPOSITION... AND I PROMISED TO MARK IT BY TOMORROW!
AAAAH... MISS SELKIRK... VERY PLEASANT SEEING YOU... BUT WHY BRING THE SCHOOL RECORDS HERE?
GOODNESS ME. THIS IS DREADFUL! I...I'LL HAVE THE REST OF THE TEACHERS HELP YOU... EVEN IF IT TAKES ALL NIGHT. IF WE'RE KEEPING THE LAD HERE, WE MUST KEEP THE PROMISES WE MADE TO HIM!
B-BUT, MR. BASCOMB. I ASSIGN COMPOSITIONS ONCE A WEEK, AND...
DON'T WORRY, MISS SELKIRK. WE'LL THINK OF A METHOD... WHAT... WHAT'S THAT, EVANS? I...I'LL GO IMMEDIATELY!
MR. BASCOMB... MR. COLLINS WANTS YOU IN THE GYM AT ONCE! HE...HE NEEDS HELP!
MOMENTS LATER...
COLLINS! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHY AREN'T THESE BOYS AT WORK?
SHHH... 4,561, 4,562... HELP... PLEASE... QUICK!
4,563, 4,564...
MR. COLLINS SAID HE'D GIVE EACH ONE A CHANCE TO CHIN TILL HE WAS TIRED... AND PROMISED A TEN FOR EVERY FIVE OVER FIFTY! WE'RE STILL WAITING FOR SUPERBOY TO GET TIRED!
BUT COLLINS...WE CAN'T HAVE THE OTHER BOYS IDLE THE REST OF THE PERIOD. TAKE CHARGE. I'LL KEEP AN ACCURATE COUNT.
5

4,572... 4,573...
MR. BASCOMB...THAT SPECIAL REPORT FOR THE BOARD OF EDUCATION... IT MUST BE FINISHED TODAY.
DEAR ME. WON'T HAVE TIME AFTER THIS. 4,574... 4,575... TELL WITHERSPOON TO... 4,576... DO IT... HE CAN... 4,577... GIVE HIS SCIENCE CLASS WORK THAT WILL... 4,578... KEEP THEM... 4,579... 4,580... 4,581... OCCUPIED!
IN MR. WITHERSPOON'S CLASS...
YOU MAY TAKE THE HOUR FOR A FIELD TRIP, CLASS. WE NEED SAMPLES OF CRYSTALLINE QUARTZ FOR OUR SCIENCE EXHIBIT, AND I'LL GIVE EXTRA CREDIT FOR EACH SPECIMEN YOU BRING IN.
THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF SUPERBOY, TOO. QUARTZ IS SO RARE IN CRYSTAL FORM, IT'LL TAKE HIM TIME... EVEN WITH SUPER-SPEED AND X-RAY VISION TO LOCATE SPECIMENS. NOW I CAN SETTLE DOWN AND GET THIS REPORT DONE FOR MR. BASCOMB.
MEANWHILE...
HMMM... THAT PILE OF SAND THOSE WORKMEN ARE GOING TO USE TO MIX CEMENT FOR THE NEW SWIMMING POOL... I CAN REPLACE IT LATER, AND...
THIS HEAD-ON COLLISION WILL CREATE ENOUGH HEAT TO MELT THE SAND INTO RED-HOT LIQUID!
WHAM!
6

...WHEN IT COOLS OFF, THE PARTICLES WILL NATURALLY ASSUME A CRYSTAL SHAPE. A LITTLE WHIFF OF SUPER-BREATH WILL HASTEN THE COOLING PROCESS, SO...
PUFFF!

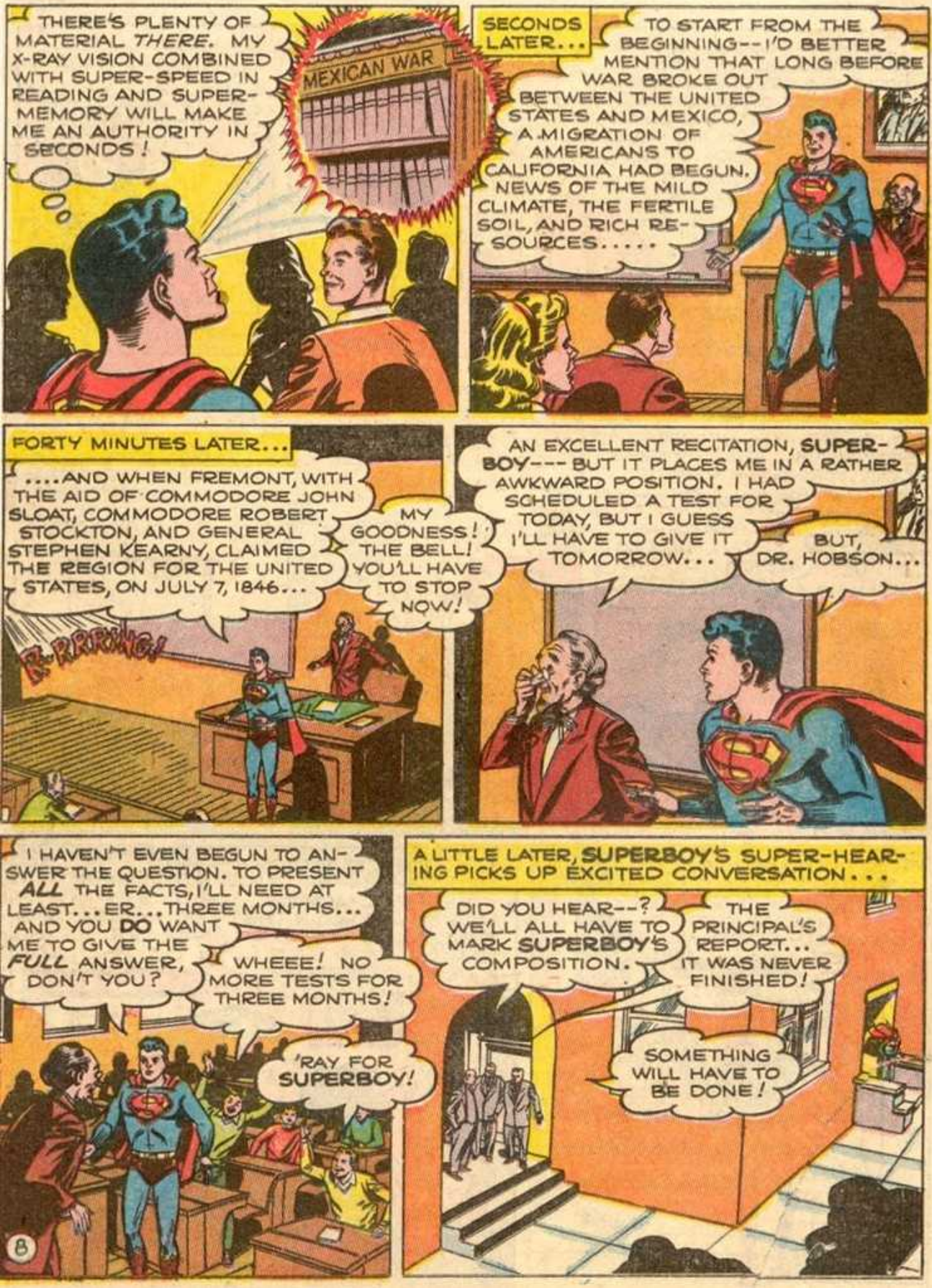
SOON...
THE ORGANIZATION OF CLASSES INTO GROUPS WHICH WILL... WHAT...? ER... YOU?
HERE YOU ARE, MR. WITHERSPOON.

WHY...ER...UM...PERFECT SPECIMENS. ER... VERY GOOD...BRING BACK MORE... AS MUCH AS YOU CAN FIND.
AS MUCH AS I CAN FIND, EH? CERTAINLY, MR. WITHERSPOON.

MOMENTS LATER...
I CAN GET MORE SAMPLES IF YOU'LL TELL ME WHERE TO PUT THEM, MR. WITHERSPOON... OR ARE THESE ENOUGH?
ENOUGH? YES...YES...IT... IT'S TOO MUCH! I...I'M GOING TO SEE MR. BASCOMB AT ONCE! CLEAR A PATH THROUGH THESE INFERNAL CRYSTALS FOR ME, SUPERBOY!

I'M DOING SO WELL, THEY CAN'T STAND IT! NOW FOR DOC HOBSON'S HISTORY CLASS. I'LL HAVE TO BE ESPECIALLY GOOD THERE!

THE FIRST QUESTION WE'LL TAKE UP IS...AH... THE MEXICAN WAR. WILL YOU EXPLAIN THE CONDITIONS THAT LED TO HOSTILITIES...ER... UM... SUPERBOY?
I NEED LOTS OF FACTS TO ANSWER THIS RIGHT.


THERE'S PLENTY OF MATERIAL *THERE*. MY X-RAY VISION COMBINED WITH SUPER-SPEED IN READING AND SUPER-MEMORY WILL MAKE ME AN AUTHORITY IN SECONDS!
MEXICAN WAR
SECONDS LATER...
TO START FROM THE BEGINNING--I'D BETTER MENTION THAT LONG BEFORE WAR BROKE OUT BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO, A MIGRATION OF AMERICANS TO CALIFORNIA HAD BEGUN. NEWS OF THE MILD CLIMATE, THE FERTILE SOIL, AND RICH RESOURCES.....
FORTY MINUTES LATER...
....AND WHEN FREMONT, WITH THE AID OF COMMODORE JOHN SLOAT, COMMODORE ROBERT STOCKTON, AND GENERAL STEPHEN KEARNY, CLAIMED THE REGION FOR THE UNITED STATES, ON JULY 7, 1846...
MY GOODNESS! THE BELL! YOU'LL HAVE TO STOP NOW!
R-R-R-R-I-N-G!
AN EXCELLENT RECITATION, **SUPERBOY**--- BUT IT PLACES ME IN A RATHER AWKWARD POSITION. I HAD SCHEDULED A TEST FOR TODAY, BUT I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GIVE IT TOMORROW...
BUT, DR. HOBSON...
I HAVEN'T EVEN BEGUN TO ANSWER THE QUESTION. TO PRESENT *ALL* THE FACTS, I'LL NEED AT LEAST...ER...THREE MONTHS... AND YOU **DO** WANT ME TO GIVE THE *FULL* ANSWER, DON'T YOU?
WHEEE! NO MORE TESTS FOR THREE MONTHS!
'RAY FOR **SUPERBOY**!
A LITTLE LATER, **SUPERBOY'S** SUPER-HEARING PICKS UP EXCITED CONVERSATION...
DID YOU HEAR--? WE'LL ALL HAVE TO MARK **SUPERBOY'S** COMPOSITION.
THE PRINCIPAL'S REPORT... IT WAS NEVER FINISHED!
SOMETHING WILL HAVE TO BE DONE!

SOON, THE PRINCIPAL HOLDS A SPECIAL MEETING...
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE FACE A CRISIS. EVERY ACTIVITY IS BEING SUSPENDED TO KEEP PACE WITH SUPERBOY. HE COULD KEEP A THOUSAND SCHOOL FACULTIES BUSY FOREVER.
WE MUST GET RID OF HIM BY GRANTING HIM HIS DIPLOMA IMMEDIATELY!
WAIT MR. BASCOMB... THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO HANDLE THIS SITUATION WITHOUT SHATTERING EVERY SCHOLASTIC PRECEDENT. JUST GIVE ME TIME TO THINK.
I HAVE IT! SEND SUPERBOY TO ME! I THINK OUR DIFFICULTIES ARE OVER! SUPERBOY WILL STAY FOR FOUR YEARS... AND WE'LL HAVE NO... ER... UNUSUAL CLASSROOM COMPLICATIONS TO SURMOUNT.
SUPERBOY, HERE ARE TWO HOMEWORK QUESTIONS---ONE IN ARITHMETIC, THE OTHER IN SCIENCE. YOU MAY HAVE YOUR DIPLOMA AS SOON AS YOU ANSWER THEM!
FINE! I'LL DO MY BEST!
I'M CURIOUS TO GET A LOOK AT THIS HOMEWORK. SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT DOC HOBSON HAS SOMETHING MIGHTY PECULIAR UP HIS SLEEVE.
LADIES... GENTLEMEN... A WORD WITH YOU IN PRIVATE.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOU MAY LOOK FORWARD TO FOUR YEARS OF SCHOLARLY RELAXATION IN YOUR CLASSES... WITH SUPERBOY PRESENT. REST ASSURED. SUPERBOY WILL NOT BE ABLE TO DO HIS HOMEWORK!

MEANWHILE...
HMMM... FIRST QUESTION... ARITHMETIC... HOW MANY DROPS OF WATER IN FOLLENSBY POND? THAT ISN'T ONLY DIFFICULT...
...IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! ANY ANSWER WOULD BE WRONG, BECAUSE THAT STREAM FLOWS IN AT ONE END, AND OUT AT THE OTHER, SO THAT THE AMOUNT OF WATER IS CONSTANTLY CHANGING. HOWEVER...
...IF I BORE THROUGH THE EARTH AND DIG A NEW CHANNEL FOR THE STREAM...
...AND THEN FLY ABOVE THE POND AT SUPER-SPEED WITH A TWISTING MOTION, THE WATER WILL FOLLOW MY PATH UNTIL I STOP.
NOW TO LET THE WATER FROM FOLLENSBY POND FALL INTO *THIS* DEEP PIT...

THERE'S YOUR ANSWER, DR. HOBSON... THERE ARE NO DROPS OF WATER IN FOLLENSBY POND.
HMMM...VERY INGENIOUS. BUT BEFORE YOU PERMIT YOURSELF TO FEEL THE JOY OF TRIUMPH...MAY I... ER...SUGGEST THAT YOU READ THE NEXT QUESTION?
HMMM...HOW LONG WILL THE EFFECTS OF THE NEXT TOTAL ECLIPSE BE VISIBLE IN SMALLVILLE?
B-BUT THERE WON'T BE ONE VISIBLE IN SMALLVILLE FOR FOUR YEARS!
PRECISELY!
AND...FOUR YEARS FROM NOW, WHEN YOU ANSWER THE QUESTION, YOU'LL GET YOUR DIPLOMA!
HMMM... MAYBE I CAN STILL FIND A SHORT CUT TO THIS ONE!
OF COURSE, IT REQUIRES A LITTLE TRIP THROUGH INTER-STELLAR SPACE...BUT THE SCENERY ALONE IS WORTH IT.
WHEW! I NEED EVERY OUNCE OF MY SUPER-STRENGTH FOR THIS JOB! I HOPE THE MAN IN THE MOON DOESN'T MIND BEING DISTURBED...BUT HE'S PROBABLY GRATEFUL FOR ANY CHANGE AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!

SOON...
THERE WE ARE! NOW THE MOON'S RIGHT BETWEEN SMALLVILLE AND THE SUN. I'LL WAIT EXACTLY THREE SECONDS, AND MY HOMEWORK'S DONE!
SECONDS LATER...
BACK TO THE OLD RUT FOR YOU, OLD BOY. I HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOUR LITTLE JAUNT.
AND...BACK ON EARTH...
WELL, DR. HOBSON... I'VE DONE MY HOMEWORK.
SUPERBOY, I'M HAPPY TO GRANT YOU YOUR DIPLOMA NOW! I REALIZE NOW THAT, BECAUSE OF YOUR EXCEPTIONAL MIND AND BECAUSE YOU ARE A FORCE FOR GOOD, YOU ARE NOT SUBJECT TO ORDINARY RULES!
LATER...
IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO CONFER THIS DIPLOMA ON SUPERBOY... WITH HIGHEST HONORS!
BRAVO!
HMMM... SUPERBOY GRADUATES... BUT IT'S BACK TO THE OLD GRIND FOR CLARK KENT, TOMORROW.
NEXT DAY...IN ENGLISH CLASS...
IT'S HARD TO THINK THAT JUST YESTERDAY I WAS SITTING IN THIS SEAT AS SUPERBOY. IT'S LUCKY CLARK KENT WAS ABSENT ONLY ONE DAY...OTHERWISE PEOPLE MIGHT HAVE GROWN SUSPICIOUS.
HMMM...CLARK KENT... WHY DON'T YOU START WORK INSTEAD OF DAYDREAMING? YESTERDAY, SUPERBOY SAT IN THAT VERY SAME SEAT...AND YOU SHOULD SEE WHAT HE ACCOMPLISHED!
YES--YOU MISSED ALL THE FUN, CLARK. WHAT A DAY TO BE ABSENT!
The End

MORE TERRIFIC TALES ABOUT SUPERBOY IN ADVENTURE COMICS NOW ON SALE

WE'RE LOST!
-AND NO FOOD!
I LEFT MY COMPASS HOME!
LET'S FOLLOW IT!
MY MOUTH IS GETTING DRY...
IF ONLY WE HAD SOME DUBBLE BUBBLE TO CHEW!
THIS WAY OUT
THERE'S ANOTHER SIGN!
SPESHUL GIDE AHED-
OH BOY! WE'LL BE HOME FOR SUPPER!
LOOK! IT'S PUD!
-AND HE HAS A DUBBLE BUBBLE STAND!
PUD'S OASIS GIDE SERVISE. FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE
BOY! IT'S WORTH GETTIN' LOST- TO FIND DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM!
CHEW DUBBLE BUBBLE FOR FUN!
FLEER'S FUNNIES IN EVERY PIECE!
WONDERFUL FLAVOR! BIGGEST BUBBLES, TOO!
YUM!
FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM
1¢
FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILADELPHIA 41, PA.

LITTLE PETE
GOLLY, I WONDER HOW MY DAD WILL TAKE IT?
I HOPE THE SHOCK DOESN'T MAKE HIM FAINT, OR SOMETHING!
SO LONG, PETE!
HENRY BALTIMORE
HOW ARE YOU FEELING DAD? DID YOU EVER FAINT? IS YOUR HEART GOOD AND STRONG?
HOLD ON! I'M FIT AS A FIDDLE. WHAT'S UP, PETE?
I THOUGHT THIS REPORT CARD OF MINE MIGHT SHOCK YOU TOO MUCH!
A
A
A
END

CASEY
THE COP
HENRY BOLTINOFF
IT WAS NICE OF BILL TO LET ME HAVE HIS BLOODHOUND !
I'LL TRACK DOWN THAT ESCAPED CONVICT !
LOOK AT HIM GO !
SNIFF ! SNIFF !
HE MUST HAVE HIS TRAIL — GOLLY !
SNIFF
ARF ! ARF !
PET
THE END

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PRECIOUS BONES

HAVE you ever picked up a sponge and wondered just exactly what it was—animal, vegetable, or mineral? This curious substance is actually the dried skeleton of a sea animal made up of many cells that cling to the fibrous matter for support.

The sponge depends on the water it takes in through the perforations that honeycomb it for food and life-giving oxygen. The tiny particles of vegetable matter that are its food are filtered through one set of "canals." Even this relatively simple form of animal life has complicated machinery to keep it going.

The sponge begins life, after hatching out of the egg, as a small, hairy larvae that swims rapidly along the floor of the ocean by beating its whip-like projections. It soon finds a rock to cling to, and after a few months, begins to look like an adult sponge. Other kinds of sponges multiply by the budding-off process, that is, the tips of a large sponge drop off, and drift away to start building their own houses to live in.

There are many varieties of the sponge family, but only a relatively small number are valuable for commercial purposes. Only those that have the soft, fibrous skeletons, made out of a material called spongin, can be used. The Glass Sponges, whose skeletons contain particles of silica, and the Chalky Sponges, that contain carbonate of lime, are entirely useless.

Sponges grow best in warm waters, and the finest specimens come from the Mediterranean and Red seas. They have a history that dates back to the days of ancient Greece. In his long poem describing the voyage of Odysseus, Homer mentions that sponges were used to wash the tables after a feast in the house of Penelope.

Sponges also were used to line the helmets of Greek warriors, and from the description given us by Aristotle, the "Elephant's Ear" sponge was probably the kind that was employed, as its flatness and fine texture enable us to use it for padding today.

The Romans made paint brushes and mops out of the useful material, and we moderns have followed their example. Perhaps you have seen a floor mop in the hall closet made out of synthetic sponge.

Sponges can be destructive as well as useful. They can penetrate substances as hard as coral and marble, and in some in-

stances have undermined chalk cliffs so badly, and thus enabled the sea to erode the rock even more, that coast lines have been altered.

Sponges are also the enemies of oysters. They fasten themselves onto the hard shells, and literally grow into them. The shells eventually fall to pieces, and the sponge must find a new foundation for his house. He really defeats his own purpose when he chooses an oyster for a resting place.

Many fine sponges grow in the Gulf of Mexico, and in the coastal waters that surround Florida. Greek divers migrated to these fishing grounds as the sponge industry developed in the United States. The methods they use to gather sponges today differ considerably from those practiced in Homer's time.

Many sponges grow in shallow water, and are pulled off the rocks with a long hook. Expert teamwork is necessary for this operation, for one man must propel the boat slowly over the sponge beds, while the other kneels in the bow and looks through a glass-bottomed pail tied to the side of the boat. When the "lookout" spies a clump of desirable sponges, he lowers the hook carefully and pulls the slippery mass to the surface. If the boat is not maneuvered smoothly, the man in the bow may take a spill into the water, and the day's catch may be lost.

When fishing for sponges located in deep water, modern diving equipment is used, and the sponges are collected in a large mesh bag. These are hoisted onto the deck, spread out, and then the crew tramples on them with their bare feet, very much in the manner European farmers used to tread on grapes to extract the juice. After the slimy material has been removed, the sponges are strung together and allowed to dry.

The next step in the operation is washing the ropes of sponges in sea water to prepare them for market. The dealers grade the sponges, trim off the rough edges, and bleach them if necessary. They are now ready for use in the bath tub, or for washing the family car.

In recent years, the fishing grounds have been in danger of being depleted. When you realize that some sponges grow 10 and ½ cubic inches in two months, and some even faster than that, you can imagine the tremendous quantity of sponges that have been gathered in order to exhaust the supply. The Federal government has taken steps to protect our coastal fisheries by making the first of May to the first of October closed season for sponge divers. Also, no sponge may be gathered that is less than five inches in diameter.

One method used to increase the dwindling supply of sponges is by artificially seeding the sponge beds. This is accomplished by snipping off small pieces of live sponge and attaching them to cement or tile bases. Then the seedlings are planted in shallow water, and in a few years they are ready to gather. This is a rather expensive project, however, and is a poor substitute for Nature's orderly procedure.

Modern researchers have tried to invent substances to take the place of the sponge, and have molded rubber and plastic material to simulate its porous texture. However, it is generally agreed, that for durability and efficiency, the genuine article cannot be equalled.

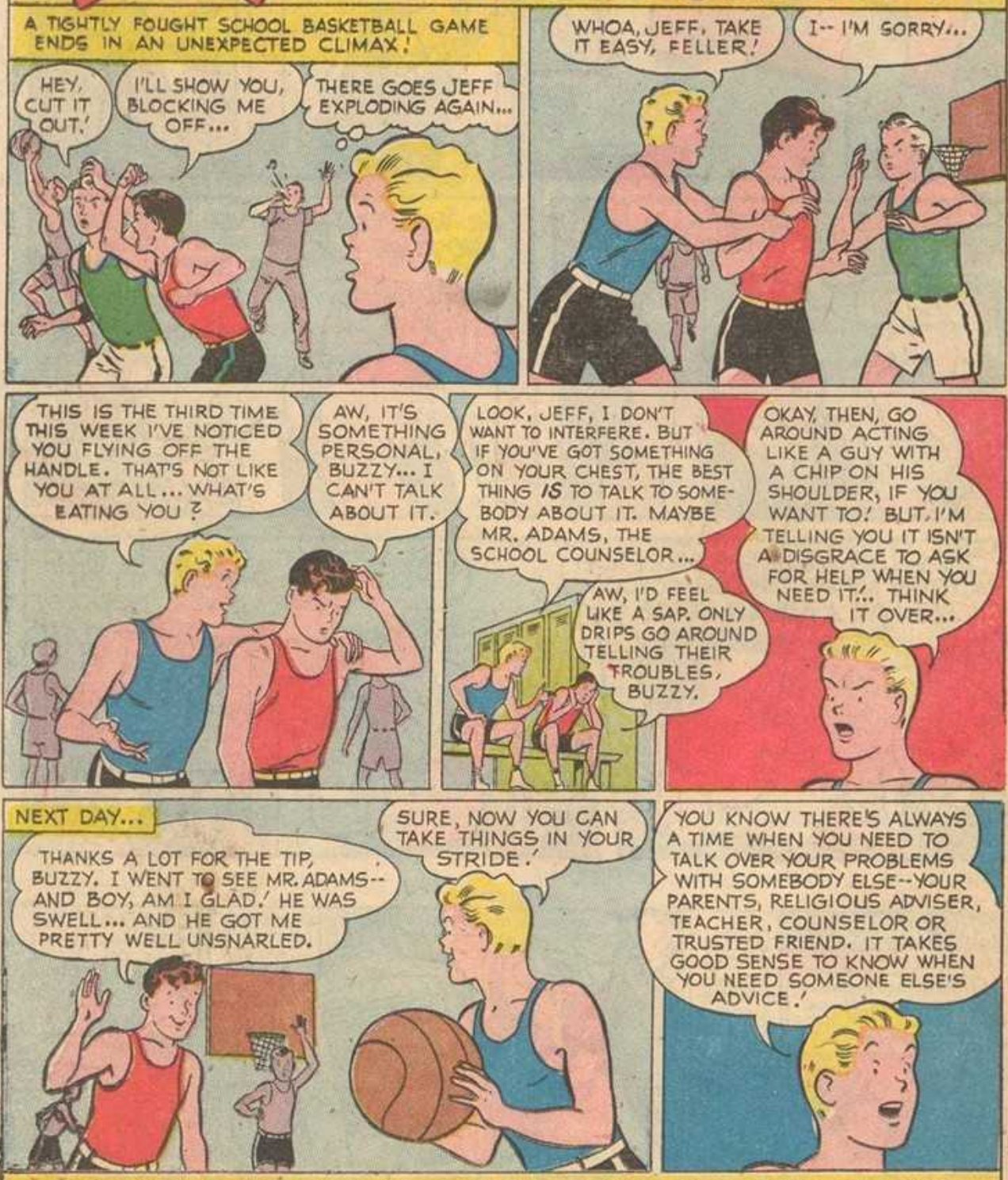
—M. Sarafianos

PEG
OH PEG, YOUR DATE IS HERE!
STEP INSIDE, YOUNG MAN.
BUT, DAD, HE'S NOT MY DATE! I DON'T EVEN KNOW THAT BOY!
-ER- WELL THEN - WHO IS HE?
YOU DIDN'T GIVE ME A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN --
I'M SELLING MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS - WORKING MY WAY THROUGH SCHOOL. NOW I HAVE A BARGAIN OFFER HERE --
THANKS FOR LETTING ME IN, SIR. SOME TIMES IT'S VERY DIFFICULT TO GET INSIDE A HOUSE. GOODNIGHT.
END

ADVERTISEMENT

CHARLIE WILD IN A TRAIN ACCIDENT!
WHAT HAPPENED?
THE FIREMAN THREW ON A SHOVELFUL OF COAL AND THE BOILER EXPLODED! LOOKS LIKE SABOTAGE!
I'M THE RAILROAD DETECTIVE THIS AIN'T SABOTAGE - JUST A DEFECTIVE BOILER.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, CHARLIE - HE'S THE LAW!
LAW? HAW!
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC
LANOLIN
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF
CHARLIE - HOW DID YOU KNOW HE WASN'T A REAL DETECTIVE?
SIMPLE! A DETECTIVE NEVER WEARS HIS BADGE ON HIS COAT! BESIDES, HIS HAIR IS SLOPPY! A GOOD DETECTIVE IS ALWAYS NEAT - ALWAYS USES WILDROOT CREAM-OIL!
Can your scalp pass the F.N. TEST?
1. SCRATCH YOUR HEAD. 2. IF YOU FIND SIGNS OF DRYNESS OR LOOSE UGLY DANDRUFF... 3. GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC. IT'S NON-ALCOHOLIC AND CONTAINS LANOLIN. GET IT TODAY IN THE BOTTLE OR HANDY TUBE - ON SALE EVERYWHERE.
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
AS LITTLE AS 29¢ PLUS TAX

BUZZY says "GET IT OFF YOUR CHEST!"


A TIGHTLY FOUGHT SCHOOL BASKETBALL GAME ENDS IN AN UNEXPECTED CLIMAX!
HEY, CUT IT OUT.'
I'LL SHOW YOU, BLOCKING ME OFF...
THERE GOES JEFF EXPLODING AGAIN...
WHOA, JEFF, TAKE IT EASY, FELLER!
I-- I'M SORRY...
THIS IS THE THIRD TIME THIS WEEK I'VE NOTICED YOU FLYING OFF THE HANDLE. THAT'S NOT LIKE YOU AT ALL... WHAT'S EATING YOU?
AW, IT'S SOMETHING PERSONAL, BUZZY... I CAN'T TALK ABOUT IT.
LOOK, JEFF, I DON'T WANT TO INTERFERE. BUT IF YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING ON YOUR CHEST, THE BEST THING IS TO TALK TO SOMEBODY ABOUT IT. MAYBE MR. ADAMS, THE SCHOOL COUNSELOR...
AW, I'D FEEL LIKE A SAP. ONLY DRIPS GO AROUND TELLING THEIR TROUBLES, BUZZY.
OKAY, THEN, GO AROUND ACTING LIKE A GUY WITH A CHIP ON HIS SHOULDER, IF YOU WANT TO! BUT, I'M TELLING YOU IT ISN'T A DISGRACE TO ASK FOR HELP WHEN YOU NEED IT!.. THINK IT OVER...
NEXT DAY...
THANKS A LOT FOR THE TIP, BUZZY. I WENT TO SEE MR. ADAMS-- AND BOY, AM I GLAD.' HE WAS SWELL... AND HE GOT ME PRETTY WELL UNSNARLED.
SURE, NOW YOU CAN TAKE THINGS IN YOUR STRIDE.'
YOU KNOW THERE'S ALWAYS A TIME WHEN YOU NEED TO TALK OVER YOUR PROBLEMS WITH SOMEBODY ELSE--YOUR PARENTS, RELIGIOUS ADVISER, TEACHER, COUNSELOR OR TRUSTED FRIEND. IT TAKES GOOD SENSE TO KNOW WHEN YOU NEED SOMEONE ELSE'S ADVICE.'

THIS PAGE IS PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH LEADING NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE AND YOUTH-SERVING ORGANIZATIONS.

SUPERBOY
The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN
WHEN HE WAS A BOY
SOME HELPER! SUPERBOY HAS TO CLEAN UP YOUR MESS! WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY FOR YOURSELF, EDGAR?
I'M GLAD YOU ASKED ME. I THINK IT'S TIME I HAD A RAISE!
IT'S NO ORDINARY BUSINESS THAT JONATHAN KENT CONDUCTS IN THE SMALLVILLE GENERAL STORE, THANKS TO THE AID OF HIS SON CLARK, WHO IS ALSO MIGHTY SUPERBOY. SO--ON THE MORNING THAT SUPERBOY IS CALLED AWAY JUST AS A NEW COMPETITOR GETS SET TO DRIVE PA KENT OUT OF BUSINESS--WHAT'S TO BE DONE? NATURALLY, A NEW HELPER HAS TO BE HIRED -- AND WHAT A HELPER! FOR HE TURNS OUT TO BE —
& PA KENT'S DANGEROUS ASSISTANT!"

AS JONATHAN KENT, PROPRIETOR OF SMALLVILLE'S GENERAL STORE OPENS FOR BUSINESS ONE MORNING, HE MAKES A DISTURBING DISCOVERY--

OH-OH! SO THAT'S THE KIND OF STORE IT'S GOING TO BE--A CUT-RATE PLACE NO LESS. I WONDER HOW I'LL MAKE OUT AGAINST COMPETITION LIKE THAT?

NATIONAL CUT-RATE GENERAL STORE

KENT'S GENERAL STORE

AT THE REAR OF HIS OWN STORE, PA KENT FINDS HIS FOSTER SON CLARK SWITCHING TO **SUPERBOY**, THE SECRET IDENTITY KNOWN ONLY TO HIMSELF AND HIS WIFE...

SO YOU GOT HERE AHEAD OF ME. WELL--I'LL SURE NEED YOUR HELP AROUND HERE NOW WITH THAT NEW STORE ACROSS THE STREET.

IF YOU WISH, I'LL STAY AND HELP, DAD, ALTHOUGH I **WAS** HOPING TO GET BUSY ON THIS HIJACKING MENACE SPREADING ALL OVER THE COUNTRY!

STOCK ROOM

HM--THIS **IS** GETTING AWFUL! NO, SON--YOU GO AFTER THESE HIJACKERS. I'LL MANAGE SOMEHOW. MAYBE I CAN HIRE A BOY!

SURE, DAD. THAT'LL SOLVE EVERYTHING WHILE I'M BUSY AND--UH-UH! SOMEONE JUST CAME INTO THE STORE. BETTER GO SEE. I'LL BE OFF.

Smallville Journal

NEW HIJACKINGS REPORTED IN THREE STATES POLICE HELPLESS AS LOOT MOUNTS TO MILLIO

HASTENING OUT FRONT, JONATHAN KENT IS UNEXPECTEDLY GREETED BY AN OLD FRIEND...

WHY--ROSCOE BOWLES! HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE YOU SAVED ME FROM DROWNING TEN YEARS BACK! WELL-WELL!

JUST PASSING THROUGH ON BUSINESS, JONATHAN. THOUGHT I'D SAY HELLO. BUT WHY THE WORRIED LOOK? THAT'S NOT LIKE THE JONATHAN I REMEMBER!

THAT NEW STORE MEANS I'LL HAVE TO STRUGGLE TO STAY IN BUSINESS. AND WITH CLARK BUSY WITH--ER--SPECIAL STUDIES--I'LL HAVE TO BREAK IN A NEW BOY TO HELP ME OUT.

JONATHAN--I'VE GOT THE PERFECT ANSWER FOR YOU! MY BOY EDGAR!

HE'S ANXIOUS TO LEARN STORE MANAGEMENT, AND HE'LL BE A GREAT HELP! BESIDES, IT'LL BE A FAVOR TO ME!

ER--WELL--YES. A--A GREAT IDEA. ER--UH--WELL--I'LL TAKE HIM ON, I GUESS. HAVE HIM REPORT HERE TOMORROW...

IT LOOKS AS IF MR. KENT WOULD PREFER TO REFUSE HIS OLD FRIEND'S SON IF HE COULD. BUT WHY? LET'S SEE AS, AT LUNCH TIME, HE VISITS THE SMALLVILLE BARBER SHOP . . .
I NEVER SAW BOWLES' BOY, BUT I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT HOW CLUMSY AND BACKWARD HE IS, I'M WORRIED. I'VE GOT TROUBLE ENOUGH. BUT HOW COULD I REFUSE? BOWLES ONCE SAVED ME FROM DROWNING.
MAYBE THE BOY'S OUTGROWN HIS BACKWARDNESS, MR. KENT.
NOT LONG AFTER, IN THE NEW STORE, THE PROPRIETORS ENGAGE IN AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION . . .
THIS BEING SUPERBOY'S TOWN, WE CAN'T RISK ROUSING SUSPICIONS BY CUTTING PRICES VERY MUCH BELOW KENT'S. BUT IF WE'RE ONLY SLIGHTLY CHEAPER, KENT'S CUSTOMERS WON'T SWITCH TO STRANGERS LIKE US.
BUT THERE'S ANOTHER WAY TO DRIVE HIS CUSTOMERS TO US . . .
. . . THANKS TO SOMETHING I OVERHEARD IN THE BARBER SHOP BEFORE! WE CAN KEEP OUR PRICES NORMAL--MAKE A BIGGER PROFIT--BUT WE'LL HAVE TO ACT FAST . . . LISTEN . . .
WHILE THE SHADOWS OF STRANGE EVENTS BEGIN TO GATHER IN SMALLVILLE, SUPERBOY SPENDS THE DAY CHECKING POLICE REPORTS ACROSS THE COUNTRY. THEN, NEXT MORNING, AT THE SCENE OF THE LATEST HIJACKING--
HM--HOW DID THE HIJACKERS EVER GET THAT BIG TRUCK TO STOP ON THIS SPEEDWAY, SO THEY COULD ROB IT? TOO BAD I CAN'T ASK THE DRIVER WHO IS STILL UNCONSCIOUS IN THE HOSPITAL . . . HM--WHY SHOULD THOSE TREES AND SHRUBS BE LESS GREEN THAN THE REST?
CHECKING WITH HIS X-RAY VISION, THE BOY OF STEEL MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY--
HMM . . . NO WONDER THESE SHRUBS AREN'T SO GREEN. THE SOIL HAS BEEN CUT LOOSE JUST TWO FEET BELOW THE SURFACE SO THE ROOTS DON'T GO VERY DEEP. AND--WHY, THERE'S A HINGED STEEL POST IMBEDDED UNDER HERE!
A MIGHTY PUSH, AND THE HEAVY MASS OF SHRUBBERY SWINGS OUTWARD ON ITS HINGE TO CROSS THE ROAD . . .
GREAT SCOTT! SO THIS IS HOW THEY DID IT! THE SHRUBS SCREENED THE REAL ROAD AND THE TRUCK TOOK THIS FALSE TURN--AND WHEN THE CONFUSED DRIVER STOPPED, THE HIJACKERS STRUCK!
3

THE POLICE DIDN'T DISCOVER THIS COMPLEX SET-UP, SO IT'S CERTAIN TO BE USED AGAIN. HM--A FEW PREPARATIONS AND THIS CAN HELP ME GET THOSE HIJACKERS AND THEIR WHOLE ORGANIZATION WHEN THEY STRIKE NEXT!

FIRST THING IS TO STOCKPILE THE NECESSARY MATERIALS AND CACHE THEM FURTHER UP ALONG THE HIGHWAY. THAT WAY, I CAN SAVE SOME TRUCK-DRIVER FROM RUNNING ANY RISKS BECAUSE OF THE TRAP I'M PLANNING!

PRESENTLY, AFTER SCOURING THE COUNTRY-SIDE, SUPERBOY RETURNS WITH AN UN-USUAL COLLECTION OF OBJECTS FOR HIS UNUSUAL PLAN...
I'LL SET THIS STUFF DOWN IN THAT CLEARING SO IT'LL BE READY WHEN THE TIME COMES. NOW--ALL I NEED IS A SIMPLE ALARM SYSTEM THAT'LL TELL ME WHEN THOSE HIJACKERS ARE ABOUT TO STRIKE ON THIS HIGHWAY AGAIN...

WHILE BACK IN SMALLVILLE, THE NEW HIRED BOY, EDGAR BOWLES, HAS PLUNGED INTO HIS DUTIES...
HOW'S THIS, MR. KENT? FAST, HANDY AND EFFICIENT--THAT'S ME! WHERE'LL I STACK 'EM?
WATCH OUT!

WHOOPS!!
OW! HIS FATHER SAVED MY LIFE--BUT WAS IT ONLY SO HIS SON COULD RUIN ME? ALL THE EGGS--SMASHED!
4 CRASH!

PRESENTLY, AFTER EDGAR HAS BEEN UNSCRAM-BLED FROM THE EGGS--A NEW SURPRISE!
I'LL TAKE THREE OF THEM BICYCLES YOU ADVERTISED IN THE GAZETTE FOR ONLY $5.!
I'LL TAKE TWO!
WHAT? FIVE DOLLARS? LET ME SEE THAT AD!!

IT'S WORDED A LITTLE DIFFERENT BECAUSE I LOST THE SLIP YOU WROTE THE AD ON, BUT I REMEMBERED ENOUGH TO TELL THE EDITOR HOW IT SHOULD GO!
A LITTLE DIFFERENT! BUT I WROTE $50, NOT $5 FOR THOSE BIKES!
AND AT THIS MOMENT, SUPERBOY, HAVING SET HIS TRAP FOR THE HIJACKERS, IS JUST RETURNING TO SMALLVILLE...
NOW--WHILE WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL THAT'LL TELL ME THOSE HIJACKERS ARE OPERATING ON THAT ROAD AGAIN, I MAY AS WELL HELP DAD IN THE STORE--AND--OH-OH--WHAT'S UP? THE STORE NEVER DREW A CROWD LIKE THAT BEFORE!
SETTLING UNSEEN ON THE ROOF, SUPERBOY QUICKLY GRASPS THE SITUATION...
SO DAD'S HIRED A NEW BOY AND THE POOR KID'S MADE A MISTAKE IN AN AD FOR BICYCLES! NOW DAD HAS TO SELL THEM WAY BELOW COST! GOSH--HE CAN'T AFFORD A LOSS LIKE THAT. I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING...
SHORTLY AFTER, SOME MILES AWAY FROM SMALLVILLE, AT AN ABANDONED GAS WORKS...
ENOUGH METAL IN THIS OLD STORAGE TANK TO PUNCH OUT 500 BIKES. BESIDES, INSTEAD OF LETTING THIS SCRAP METAL RUST AWAY, I'LL BE PUTTING IT TO GOOD USE. FIRST--TO CUT OUT A SERIES OF DISCS FOR WHEELS...
NEXT, TO SQUEEZE THE METAL INTO A HALF MILE OF HALF-INCH PIPE THAT I'LL CUT UP INTO HANDLE-BARS AND FRAMES. KIND OF LIKE SQUEEZING OUT A TUBE OF TOOTHPASTE...

THEN, THE AMAZING BOY OF STEEL SWIFTLY FITS FRAMES AND WHEELS TOGETHER...
EXCEPT FOR TIRES, THESE BIKES WILL SOON BE FINISHED. BUT THERE ARE PLENTY OF OLD AUTO TIRES TO BE FOUND FROM WHICH BICYCLE TIRES CAN BE QUICKLY MELTED AND FORMED...

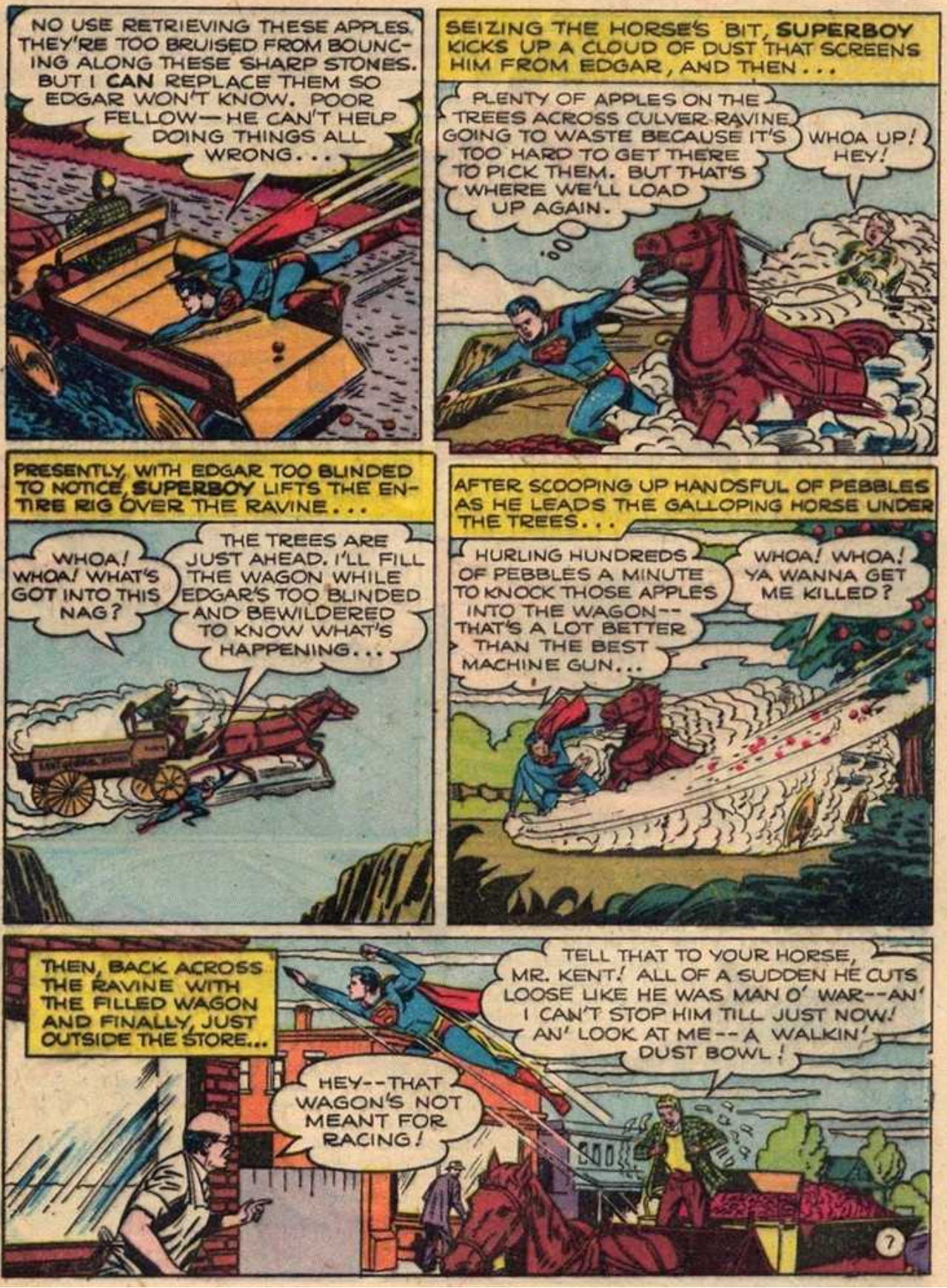
SO--ONLY ONE HOUR LATER, SUPERBOY ADDS THE FINAL TOUCH TO THE FINISHED VEHICLES...
AND FINALLY, A COAT OF PAINT WITH MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY THE GLOSS VARNISH COMPANY IN RETURN FOR PAST FAVORS. NOW TO DELIVER THESE BIKES SO THE NEW BOY'S MISTAKE WILL BE COVERED. A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT ALWAYS HELPS ON A NEW JOB...

AND SO, NEXT MORNING, AS PA KENT AND HIS HELPER ARRIVE AT THE STORE TO OPEN UP...
WHAT'S THIS NOTE? "YESTERDAY, YOU SOLD EXPENSIVE BIKES FAR BELOW COST SO MANY POOR KIDDIES COULD ENJOY THEM. LET ME HELP YOU COVER YOUR LOSSES WITH THESE." SIGNED--"A RICH MAN WHO LIKES TO PLAY SANTA CLAUS!"
BIKES! HUNDREDS OF 'EM!

SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE REAR OF THE NEW STORE, PA KENT'S COMPETITORS ENGAGE IN A SURPRISING CONVERSATION WITH THE "BUMBLING" EDGAR—
LOOK—YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO RUIN KENT'S BUSINESS--NOT BUILD IT UP. NOW THIS BIKE DEAL—
NOW, WAIT, BELLOWS. COULD I HELP WHAT SOME SAPPY MILLIONAIRE DID? I'M DOING THE BEST I CAN. GIMME TIME. YOU WANT ME TO MAKE HIM SUSPICIOUS?

MEANWHILE, AT THE KENT HOME...
EDGAR IS THE SON OF HIS OLD FRIEND, SO PA CAN'T FIRE HIM, CLUMSY AS HE IS. BUT INSTEAD OF TELLING PA YOU'RE BACK, WHY NOT HELP EDGAR SECRETLY? RESTORE HIS CONFIDENCE AND HELP PA, TOO!
A WONDERFUL IDEA, MOM!
6

AND SO IT HAPPENS THAT SUPERBOY CATCHES UP WITH EDGAR AS HE DRIVES HIS WAGON BACK TO THE STORE...
GREAT SCOTT! HE HAD A FULL LOAD OF APPLES AND HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW THEY'RE ALL ROLLING OUT THROUGH THAT OPEN TAILBOARD!
BY THE TIME I GET BACK, THERE WON'T BE AN APPLE LEFT— BUT INSTEAD OF BEING BLAMED, I'LL JUST GET SYMPATHY FOR BEING SO "DUMB"...


NO USE RETRIEVING THESE APPLES. THEY'RE TOO BRUISED FROM BOUNCING ALONG THESE SHARP STONES. BUT I CAN REPLACE THEM SO EDGAR WON'T KNOW. POOR FELLOW—HE CAN'T HELP DOING THINGS ALL WRONG...
SEIZING THE HORSE'S BIT, SUPERBOY KICKS UP A CLOUD OF DUST THAT SCREENS HIM FROM EDGAR, AND THEN...
PLENTY OF APPLES ON THE TREES ACROSS CULVER RAVINE GOING TO WASTE BECAUSE IT'S TOO HARD TO GET THERE TO PICK THEM. BUT THAT'S WHERE WE'LL LOAD UP AGAIN.
WHOA UP! HEY!
PRESENTLY, WITH EDGAR TOO BLINDED TO NOTICE, SUPERBOY LIFTS THE ENTIRE RIG OVER THE RAVINE...
WHOA! WHOA! WHAT'S GOT INTO THIS NAG?
THE TREES ARE JUST AHEAD. I'LL FILL THE WAGON WHILE EDGAR'S TOO BLINDED AND BEWILDERED TO KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING...
AFTER SCOOPING UP HANDSFUL OF PEBBLES AS HE LEADS THE GALLOPING HORSE UNDER THE TREES...
HURLING HUNDREDS OF PEBBLES A MINUTE TO KNOCK THOSE APPLES INTO THE WAGON--THAT'S A LOT BETTER THAN THE BEST MACHINE GUN...
WHOA! WHOA! YA WANNA GET ME KILLED?
THEN, BACK ACROSS THE RAVINE WITH THE FILLED WAGON AND FINALLY, JUST OUTSIDE THE STORE...
TELL THAT TO YOUR HORSE, MR. KENT! ALL OF A SUDDEN HE CUTS LOOSE LIKE HE WAS MAN O' WAR--AN' I CAN'T STOP HIM TILL JUST NOW! AN' LOOK AT ME--A WALKIN' DUST BOWL!
HEY--THAT WAGON'S NOT MEANT FOR RACING!
7

RECKON SOMETHING FRIGHTENED HIM... BUT--YOU BROUGHT THE APPLES SAFE ANYWAY. IN YOU, EDGAR, THAT'S AN IMPROVEMENT!
YEAH--I--I--GUESS IT IS, MR. KENT. I FIGURED THEY'D ALL BOUNCED OUT IN THAT WILD RIDE...
BUT BUILDING EDGAR'S CONFIDENCE KEEPS SUPERBOY CONSTANTLY ON THE JUMP...
WHERE'LL I PUT THIS LADDER, MR. KENT?
WATCH--! ER--EDGAR, YOU GAVE ME A SCARE! I GUESS I JUST EXPECT THE WORST FROM YOU--WHICH IS PROBABLY WRONG OF ME.
LATER, DOWN IN THE CELLAR...
WAIT, EDGAR! DON'T SEND THAT CRATE DOWN THE CHUTE YET! OW--TOO LATE! THAT GLASSWARE DOWN THERE'LL BE SMASHED TO BITS!
ENCOURAGEMENT CERTAINLY DOESN'T HELP EDGAR MUCH, BUT IT'S SURE SAVING DAD'S STORE...
BUT FINALLY, AS SUPERBOY PREPARES TO RELAX AFTER AN EXHAUSTING DAY ENDS...
STORE'S CLOSED AT LAST! NOW I CAN--BUT--UH-UH! THIS LIGHT ON MY WRIST IS GLOWING! SOMEONE'S TRIPPED THE RADIO SIGNAL I PLANTED AT THAT HIJACKERS' ROADBLOCK!
NO REST FOR SUPERBOY! SWIFTLY, HE ZOOMS CROSS-COUNTRY UNTIL--MOMENTS LATER...
ANY SIGN OF THAT OPTICAL TRUCK YET?
NOPE! PROBABLY BE AN HOUR BEFORE IT GETS HERE--BUT WHEN IT DOES--WE'LL HAVE A HAUL WORTH FIFTY GRAND AT LEAST.
OPTICAL SHIPMENT, EH? BETTER DASH BACK ALONG THE HIGHWAY AND LOCATE THAT TRUCK IN TIME TO GET MY PLAN WORKING TO TRAP THE ENTIRE HIJACK RING. JUST GRABBING THESE HOODLUMS WOULDN'T LEAD ME TO THE HIGHER-UPS.

SHORTLY AFTER, **SUPERBOY**'S X-RAY VISION SPOTS THE QUARRY TEN MILES ABOVE THE SPOT MARKED FOR THE KILL...

AS THE TRUCK APPROACHES, I'LL PROTECT THE DRIVER AND HIS CARGO WITH A TRICK BORROWED FROM THE HIJACKERS THEMSELVES--A ROAD BLOCK!

WITH THE MAIN ROAD CUT OFF, **SUPERBOY** FORMS A NEW ROAD, PACKING DOWN THE DIRT SURFACE THROUGH WHOSE UNDERGROWTH HE CUTS A WIDE PATH...

A LITTLE SUPER-SPEED, AND I'LL CARVE OUT A NEW SECTION OF ROAD THAT'LL TAKE THAT TRUCK SAFELY AROUND THE SPOT WHERE THE HIJACKERS ARE WAITING.

HAVING REROUTED THE MENACED VEHICLE, THE **BOY OF STEEL** QUICKLY REACHES HIS PREVIOUSLY PREPARED STOCKPILE ONE MILE ABOVE THE BANDIT ROAD BLOCK...

BY USING MY PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY, I'LL PUT TOGETHER A PERFECT DUPLICATE OF THAT TRUCK. THEN I'LL ADD THE STEEL CRATES MARKED **IMPORTED BINOCULARS** THAT I SAW IN THE ORIGINAL TRUCK...

BUT, WITH THE TRUCK FINISHED, **SUPERBOY** RUNS INTO A PROBLEM HE HADN'T FORSEEN...

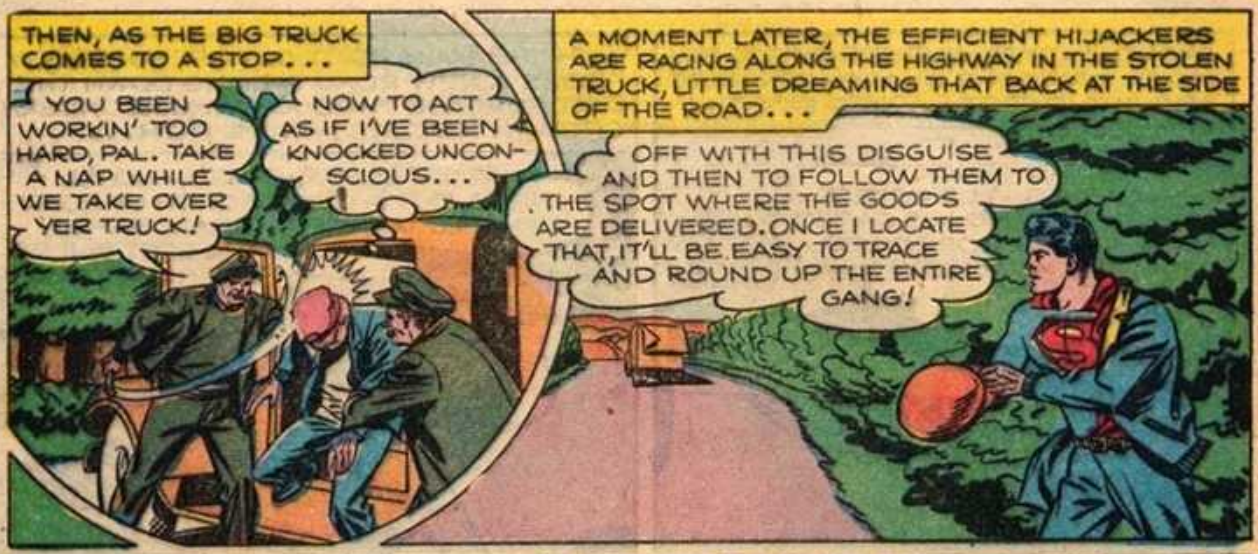
HM--NOTHING BUT RIBBONS OF ALUMINUM SCRAP LEFT. IF I FILL THE CRATES WITH THAT, THEY'LL BE TOO LIGHT TO PASS FOR OPTICAL GOODS AND THOSE HIJACKERS MIGHT GET SUSPICIOUS! ONLY ONE WAY TO MAKE THEM HEAVY ENOUGH TO GET BY!

GATHERING ALL THE REMAINING SCRAP, **SUPERBOY** USES HIS AMAZING STRENGTH TO COMPRESS IT INTO THE CASES...

AFTER THIS, I'LL HAVE TO SEAL THE COVERS ON PLENTY TIGHT TO KEEP THIS SUPER-COMPRESSED METAL FROM BURSTING OUT WITH THE FORCE OF THOUSANDS OF COILED SPRINGS...

AND THEN, SHORTLY AFTER, A DISGUISED **SUPERBOY** DRIVES THE TRUCK RIGHT INTO THE HIJACKERS' TRAP...

MY X-RAY VISION SHOWS THEM WAITING FOR ME IN THE BUSHES. WELL--ALL'S GOING ACCORDING TO PLAN. THEY'LL NEVER DREAM THAT THEIR VICTIM IS **SUPERBOY** UNDER THIS DISGUISE...


THEN, AS THE BIG TRUCK COMES TO A STOP...
YOU BEEN WORKIN' TOO HARD, PAL. TAKE A NAP WHILE WE TAKE OVER YER TRUCK!
NOW TO ACT AS IF I'VE BEEN KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS...
A MOMENT LATER, THE EFFICIENT HIJACKERS ARE RACING ALONG THE HIGHWAY IN THE STOLEN TRUCK, LITTLE DREAMING THAT BACK AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD...
OFF WITH THIS DISGUISE AND THEN TO FOLLOW THEM TO THE SPOT WHERE THE GOODS ARE DELIVERED. ONCE I LOCATE THAT, IT'LL BE EASY TO TRACE AND ROUND UP THE ENTIRE GANG!

THEY DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO CHECK THE TRUCK'S CONTENTS, THEY WERE SO SURE OF THEMSELVES. LITTLE DO THEY KNOW HOW SOON THEIR RACKET IS ABOUT TO BE ENDED!

YES--IT LOOKS AS IF SUPERBOY'S TRAP IS CLOSING ON THE GANG. BUT WAIT! SUDDENLY A FATEFUL INTERRUPTION!
GREAT SCOTT! THAT PLANE IS ABOUT TO CRASH! I'VE GOT TO SAVE IT!

ZOOMING SWIFTLY TOWARD THE FALLING PLANE, SUPERBOY ACTS IN THE NICK OF TIME...
WHY DID THIS HAVE TO HAPPEN AT SUCH A TIME? NOW I'VE LOST THAT TRUCK AND ALL MY CAREFUL PLANNING IS WASTED. THOSE HIJACKERS WILL NEVER USE THAT ROADBLOCK AGAIN AFTER THEY OPEN THOSE DUMMY CRATES...
I SURE WISH I COULD BE AROUND TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEY DO OPEN THEM--BUT ANYWAY, I CAN IMAGINE IT--WITH PLEASURE. WELL--TOUGH LUCK. IT'S BACK TO SMALLVILLE FOR SOME REST. I'VE A BIG DAY TOMORROW, WATCHING EDGAR!

SO--NEXT MORNING, WHEN **SUPERBOY** RETURNS TO THE JOB OF PROTECTING HIS FATHER AND ENCOURAGING EDGAR, THE **BOY OF STEEL** DISCOVERS...

HUH? **THAT** WAS NO ACCIDENT! MY X-RAY VISION REVEALS EDGAR DELIBERATELY STARTED THAT FIRE WHILE DAD WAS OUT ON AN ERRAND. AND THERE HE GOES--RUNNING OUT...

SWIFTLY, **SUPERBOY** DASHES IN THROUGH THE REAR DOOR TO PUT OUT THE FIRE...

THIS DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! WHY SHOULD THE SON OF DAD'S OLD FRIEND DO THIS? HMM... MAYBE EDGAR'S OTHER ACCIDENTS WEREN'T ACCIDENTS EITHER! IT'S TIME I REVEALED MYSELF AND MADE EDGAR EXPLAIN!

WHILE IN THE NEW STORE ACROSS THE STREET...

BUT--BUT--I DID START A FIRE. MAYBE IT WENT OUT.

NOW LISTEN--NO MORE EXCUSES. WHILE OLD MAN KENT'S AWAY, YOU GO RIGHT BACK THERE AND MAKE *SURE* THERE'S A FIRE, SEE! BUT FIRST--GIMME A HAND WITH THIS CASE OF OPTICAL GOODS THE BOYS DELIVERED THIS MORNING. I CAN'T BUDGE THIS COVER!

AND EXACTLY ONE MINUTE LATER, AS **SUPERBOY** STARTS OUT OF THE KENT STORE...

I'LL GO FIND EDGAR RIGHT NOW AND--WHY--GREAT SCOTT!

HELP! HELP!

NATIONAL CUT-RATE GENERAL STORE

CRASH!

ONE BOUND, AND THE **BOY OF STEEL** BURSTS IN ON AN ASTONISHING SIGHT...

HUH? ONE OF THOSE FAKE BINOCULAR CASES THE HIJACKERS GOT YESTERDAY! HOW'D IT GET *HERE*? THE COMPRESSED METAL'S BURST OUT AND SNARLED EVERYTHING LIKE A GIGANTIC SPIDER WEB! HM--EDGAR, TOO!

HELP!

OUTSIDE, A CURIOUS CROWD GATHERS...

JUST GET US OUT OF HERE AN' WE'LL CONFESS EVERYTHING--HOW THIS STORE--AND ALL OUR CHAINS IN OTHER CITIES--ARE JUST OUTLETS FOR HIJACKED GOODS...

DOGGONE! SOUNDS LIKE **SUPERBOY**'S CAUGHT THEM HIJACKERS!

A MOMENT LATER...
SHERIFF--GET ON THE PHONE! NOTIFY THE POLICE IN EVERY TOWN WHERE THERE'S ANOTHER ONE OF THESE STORES. THEY ALL RECEIVED A CASE OF THE SAME GOODS THIS MORNING--AND MOST LIKELY THERE'LL BE SOME JAILBIRDS NETTED JUST LIKE THESE!
IT'S EDGAR--MY HIRED BOY!
TELL HIM!
MY NAME'S NOT EDGAR--AN' I'M NO BOY EITHER. I TOOK THE REAL EDGAR'S PLACE TO HELP PUT YOUR STORE OUTA BUSINESS SO WE WOULDN'T HAVE NO COMPETITION! AS FER THE REAL EDGAR--ASK SUPERBOY!
THAT FELLOW ADMITTED MEETING THE REAL EDGAR AT THE TRAIN. HE POSED AS YOU AND GAVE THE BOY SUCH A SCARY PICTURE OF THE HARD WORK AWAITING HIM, THAT EDGAR TOOK THE NEXT TRAIN HOME.
OH! I'LL HAVE TO WRITE AND EXPLAIN TO HIS FATHER TODAY!
A DAY LATER, IN THE KENT GENERAL STORE...
IT'S WONDERFUL. THE HIJACK GANG'S BEEN ROUNDED UP AND I'VE GOT YOU HELPING ME AGAIN, CLARK. ONLY THING THAT WORRIES ME--EDGAR'S FATHER MAY BE SO ANGRY, HE'LL TEAR UP MY LETTER WITHOUT READING IT!
YOU MEAN--HE WON'T EVEN LET YOU EXPLAIN?
I'M AFRAID NOT. HE'S SO TOUCHY, I MAY NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN--WHY--WHY--HERE HE IS! OH-OH!
KENT--YOU'RE WRONG. I GOT YOUR LETTER. AND JUST TO SHOW I UNDERSTAND AND I DON'T BLAME YOU—
—HERE'S MY SON! HE'S READY TO START WORK FOR YOU AT ONCE!
OW! HERE WE GO—ALL OVER AGAIN!
THE END.
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MORE SUPERLATIVE SUPERBOY STORIES IN ADVENTURE COMICS NOW ON SALE!